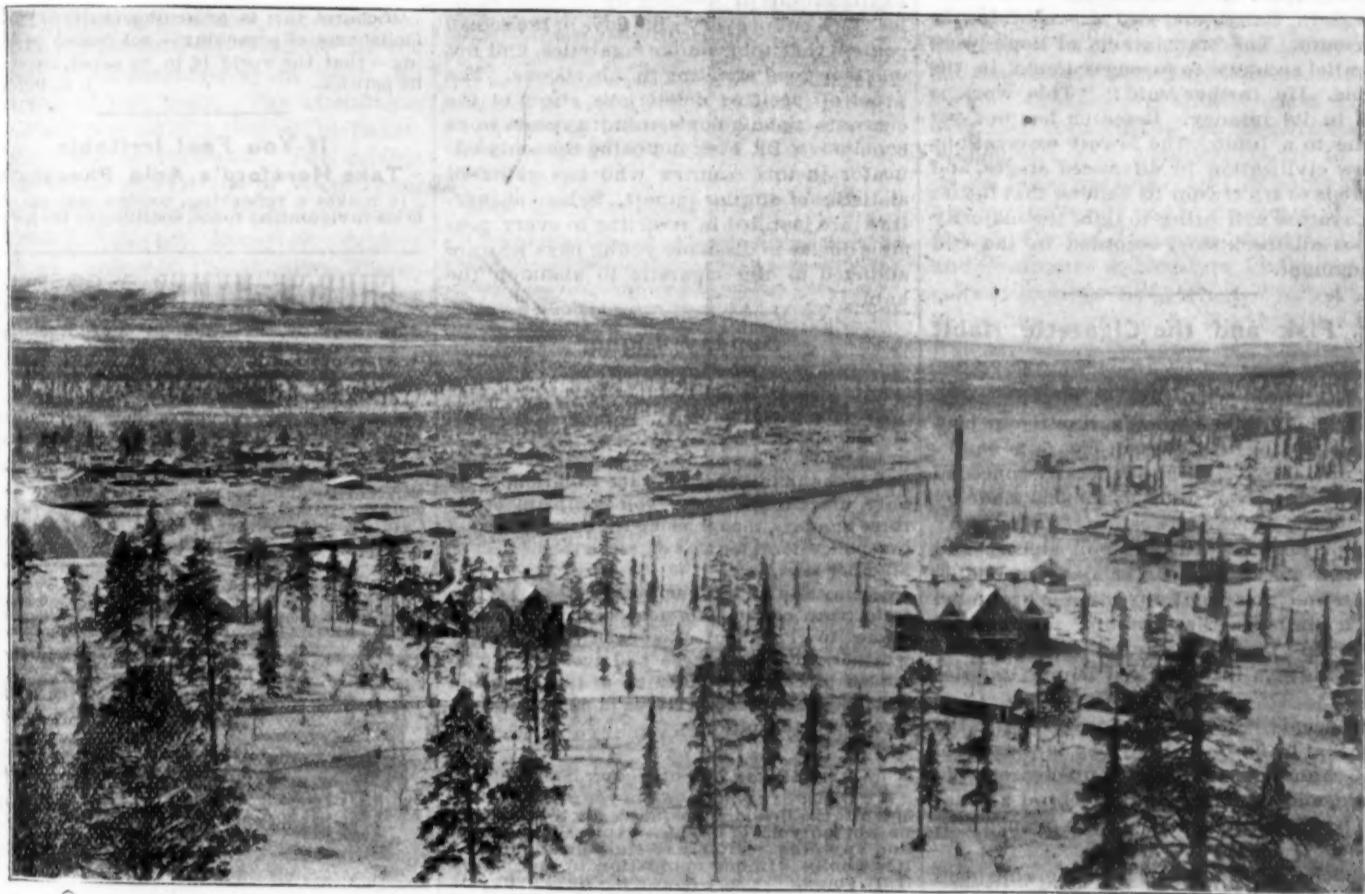
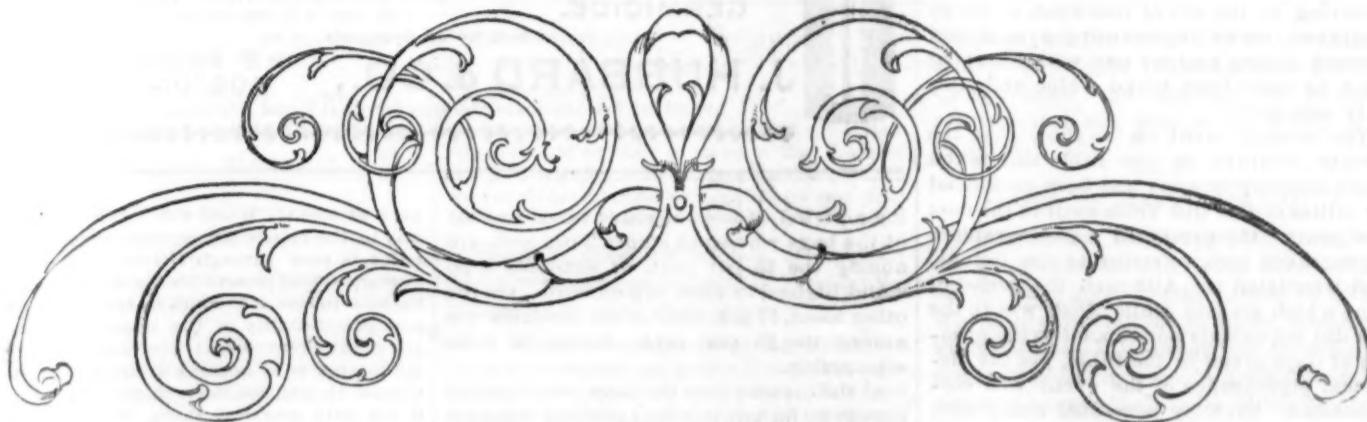


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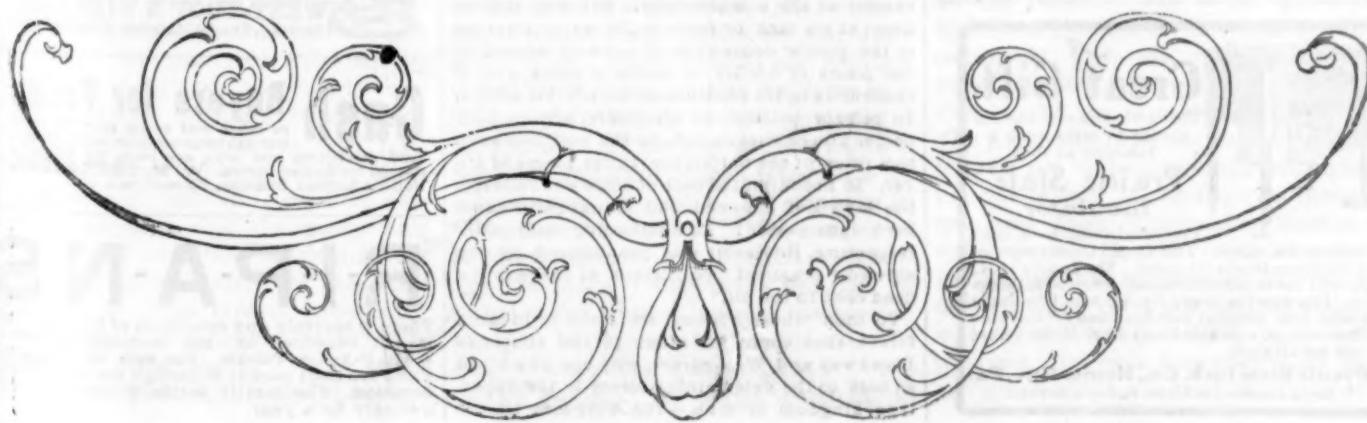
# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1902



MALMBERGET, SWEDEN

The above picture accompanies the illustrated article on page 298, by Rev. August Rockberg, describing "A Sunday Fifty Miles above the Polar Circle." It was taken during moonlight between 11 and 12 at night, Dec. 6, 1900. In the distance is "Dundret," the mountain from which the midnight sun is seen during the summer weeks. The camera was in place and open a full hour to get a clear picture of the landscape in the moonlight.



## Ancient Tablets Agree with Bible

[From the *Philadelphia Times*.]

DR. ALBERT T. CLAY, curator of the Babylonian department in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, lectured in Widener Hall on "The Old Testament in the Light of Recent Excavations." "Accounts of the Creation and Deluge," he said, "have been deciphered from early Babylonian monuments. No direct account has been found referring to the fall of mankind, although engraved rocks representing a man and woman sitting under a tree with a serpent near by have been found which undoubtedly refer to it."

The lecturer went on to show that the events recorded in the Bible had taken place contrary to what had been contended by critics of the Old Testament in the past few years. He presented a photograph of an engraved rock referring to the Deluge, and translated it. Although the period of time which elapsed while Noah was in the ark did not exactly correspond to the number of days given in the Bible, yet the historical significance of the event was corroborated. Dr. Clay presented many such photographs, all of which had been excavated in Babylonia, and are now in the Museum. The translations of these were parallel accounts to passages found in the Bible. He further said: "This work is yet in its infancy. Research has not yet come to a limit. The lowest excavations show civilization in advanced stages, and there is every reason to believe that future excavators will bring to light the majority if not all the history recorded in the Old Testament."

## Dr. Fisk and the Cigarette Habit

[From *Chicago Record-Herald*.]

NO matter what diverse views may be entertained among intelligent people regarding the effect of cigarette-smoking upon boys, it will be generally conceded that such a proposition as the one made by Dr. Fisk of Northwestern Preparatory School must be based upon sincere and earnest conviction. It is also reasonable to assume that such conviction is grounded upon statistics that amount to absolute proof in Dr. Fisk's mind that cigarette smoking results in marked mental deterioration.

So deeply is Dr. Fisk impressed with the fact that he has asked any boy in the school who cannot or will not give up cigarettes to leave, and further offers to refund all that has been paid in fees or tuition to such students.

This declaration from the venerable head of the preparatory school, who has three hundred boys under his care, is an impressive indictment of the cigarette dealer and manufacturer which cannot fail to attract serious public attention. The Doctor is not dealing in generalizations or loose denunciations. He has prepared statistics cover-

ing a period of several years, showing that of the boys who smoke only 2 per cent. are among the 25 per cent. of students who stand highest in class scholarship. On the other hand, 37 per cent. of the smokers are among the 25 per cent. lowest in class scholarship.

At the present time the boys who smoke appear to be entirely incapable of passing examinations or keeping up in their studies. Two out of every nine boys in the school confess that they smoke cigarettes, and not one is in good standing in his classes. The proof of positive deleterious effect of the cigarette upon a boy's mind appears to be conclusive, Dr. Fisk not being the only educator in this country who has gathered statistics of similar import. School authorities are justified in resorting to every possible device to dissuade young boys who are addicted to the cigarette to abandon the habit.

## Sunday Liquor

[From *New York Sun*.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: His Honor, Mayor Low, in his reply to Dr. Parkhurst said: "Those who realize that Mr. Roosevelt, when in full control of the situation, could only prevent the result you complain of for three Sundays, though using the entire power of the police force for that object to the neglect of all other laws," etc.

As my denial in your columns of the historic truth of this statement was questioned, I wrote to President Roosevelt asking him whether, in anything he had ever said, he intended to convey a meaning of this kind, and whether the statement is true in fact. In reply I received the following from his private secretary:

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, Feb. 6, 1902.  
MY DEAR SIR: Replying to your letter of the 31st ult. the President requests me to state that he not only never used the expression quoted, nor anything remotely resembling it, but that it is wholly without foundation in fact. Very truly yours, GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,  
To L. K. FUNK. Secretary to the President.

When Mr. Schieren was mayor of Brooklyn, his commissioner of police, Mr. Wells, said to me and other members of a protesting committee from the Excise League: "Gentlemen, if we enforce these Sunday laws the Reform party will be defeated at the polls, and Mr. McLaughlin will get back into power." I admired the candor of the commissioner, but was sick at heart at his lack of faith in the responsiveness of the public conscience to a manly appeal on the plane of fidelity to oaths of office and to conscience in the administration of civic affairs. In reform politics, as elsewhere, a man may barter his conscience and, in the end, lose even the price of the barter, the thirty pieces of silver. In Brooklyn the oath of office was violated, the laws not enforced, and McLaughlin came back into power! Law-enforcing and oath-respecting Roosevelt was pronounced by the shrewd "practical" politicians of that day "a dead cock in the pit."

Ye men whose visions are clear in judging forces that count for much in the affairs of Broadway and Wall Street, why are you blind as bats to the determining forces in the upper, true kingdom of man—the kingdom that is

nigh at hand? When will you learn that the way to the throne for any reform worthy of its name is ever through Gethsemane and over Calvary—that to save life there must be a willingness to lose it? Faith in the reality, power and practicability of the upper manhood is an omnipotent force; the power to remove mountains is as nothing in comparison. Conscience in politics, hear, oh ye of little faith, is the only practical thing, if you look far enough.

Of course this is preaching, but it is by the foolishness of preaching—not foolish preaching—that the world is to be saved, including its politics.

I. K. FUNK.

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# Zion's Herald

Volume LXXX

Boston, Wednesday, March 5, 1902

Number 10

## Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

### In Honor of McKinley

MEMORIAL services in honor of William McKinley, the martyred President, were held by Congress in the House of Representatives at noon on Thursday of last week. The attendance in the hall was strictly limited by ticket, so there was no crowding. The notable figures of the official life of Washington were present, including both branches of Congress, President Roosevelt, cabinet members, judges of the Supreme Court, representatives of the army and navy, the diplomatic corps, also governors of States, commissioners and the judiciary of the District of Columbia, and Prince Henry and his suite. The precedent in the case of the Garfield memorial was followed closely. The hall was without decoration of any kind. Speaker Henderson of the House called the assembly to order, and Senator Frye, president of the Senate, presided during the exercises. The program was very simple, consisting of preliminary selections by the Marine Band composed of sixty musicians, prayer by Chaplain Couden of the House, the eulogistic address by Secretary Hay, the benediction by Chaplain Milburn of the Senate, and the rendering of "Lead, Kindly Light," by the Marine Band. Thousands of people who were necessarily denied admission to the hall gathered in a throng in front of the Capitol and remained there until the conclusion of the ceremonies.

### Hay's Eulogy of McKinley

SECRETARY HAY fully sustained his reputation as an orator of great occasions in his eulogy of William McKinley delivered at the memorial service held in honor of the martyred President by Congress. Although one hour and twenty-five minutes were consumed in the delivery of the address, which was read from manuscript, the rare literary finish, range of thought and stimulating patriotic sentiments were such that the speaker held the unwearied attention of his audience throughout. Luminously he sketched McKinley as "the typical American," "the soldier," "the lawyer," "the Congressman," "the orator," "the statesman," "the diplomat," "the economist,"

"the harmonizer," "the patriot," "the heroic," and "the famous." In his introduction he said :

"Before an audience less sympathetic than this, I should not dare to speak of that great career which we have met to commemorate. But we are all his friends, and friends do not criticize each other's words about an open grave."

Touching upon the subject of anarchy and the proper punishment of Presidential assassins, he used these words :

"It would be presumptuous for me in this presence to suggest the details of remedial legislation for a malady so malignant. That task may safely be left to the skill and patience of the National Congress, which has never been found unequal to any such emergency. The country believes that the memory of three murdered comrades of yours — all of whose voices still haunt these walls — will be a sufficient inspiration to enable you to solve even this abstruse and painful problem, which has dimmed so many pages of history with blood and with tears."

His closing sentence was :

"There is not one of us but feels prouder of his native land because the august figure of Washington presided over its beginnings; no one but bows it a tenderer love because Lincoln poured out his blood for it; no one but must feel his devotion for his country renewed and kindled when he remembers how McKinley loved, revered and served it, showed in his life how a citizen should live, and in his last hour taught us how a gentleman could die."

### Rigid Ban on Liquor

THE Burlington Railroad has issued a new book of rules for the government of employees, which forbids the use of intoxicants not only while on duty, but while off duty. The paragraph bearing on this point reads : "The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal." Heretofore the Burlington, in company with other roads, has enforced the rule against the use of liquor while on duty only against those who had anything to do with the operation of trains. The new regulation applies with equal force to the employees of all departments, including the track, bridge, and building departments as well as the train-men. It goes farther than any previous rule in that it forbids the habitual use of intoxicants or the frequenting of places where liquors are sold while not at work. Employees are also required to pay their debts. "Any employee subjecting the company to the service of a garnishment of his pay will be liable to dismissal and shall be held responsible for all expenses incurred by the company in connection therewith." Men employed in the passenger department are encouraged to make "suggestions designed to improve the service, increase business, or likely to be of general interest to the officers." They are also told that "Civil service governs. By strict attention to

business you are in the line of promotion, and your success depends among other things upon the amount of business secured and the manner in which it is handled."

### Cotton in Egypt and Africa

THE cotton mills recently started in Alexandria and Cairo are turning out a very good average grade of cloth, which is encouraging to those interested in the success of the enterprise, considering that most of the work is done by native weavers accustomed to hand-looms only. Merchants speak highly of the products of the mills. In Alexandria there are 130 looms and in Cairo 30. New looms are starting daily. One of the features of this cotton "industry" is that no effort whatever has been made by purchasers of Manchester and American goods to decrease their imports. In this same connection the report of the Secretary of the British Central Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce at Blantyre, giving the results of inquiries as to whether cotton can be profitably grown in the British Central African protectorate, is of special interest. This report states that the experimental plantations of cotton have yielded crops of 300 pounds per acre under ordinary conditions, and point to the conclusion that cotton could be grown at a profit but for the high freight rates to England. Attention is directed to the importance of obtaining better terms from existing companies, and to the need of more capital.

### Railway through Syria

PRELIMINARY arrangements have been made for the construction of a railroad through Syria by German capitalists under the authority of the Turkish Government. It will start at Koneiah, the terminus of the line which begins at Smyrna, on the Mediterranean, and will run in a southeasterly direction, crossing the Taurus Mountains and the plain of Mesopotamia until it strikes the river Tigris, the western bank of which it will follow down to Bagdad, a distance from Koneiah of 1,300 miles. The ultimate objective point of the projectors is Koweyt on the Persian Gulf. When the entire line from Smyrna to the Persian Gulf is completed, and the road is properly equipped, the monopoly of the Suez Canal will be considerably curtailed. The capitalists who are backing the enterprise are under agreement with the financial bureau of the Porte to complete the road from Koneiah to Bagdad in eight years. English financiers are of the opinion that continental capital will not be able to carry out the undertaking, and are respectfully waiting to be asked to invest. In case they should do so to any great extent, the road will probably

come largely under English management.

#### In Memory of Victor Hugo

CENTENARY exercises in honor of Victor Hugo were held last week, not only in Paris, but in the towns of France, the capitals of Europe, and in several cities of the United States. The enthusiasm in Paris exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, and every detail of the elaborate and magnificent program was carried out. The ceremonies began on Wednesday at the Panthéon, and closed on Sunday with a popular *fête* at the Place des Vosges, in front of the house where Victor Hugo resided, during which the apotheosis of the distinguished author reached its climax. Prominent among those who participated during the closing day were 2,500 working girls of all trades and callings. The queen of the *fête* was a young woman employed as a compositor in a large printing-house, who had been chosen by popular vote of her companions from among forty-three candidates. She was the muse of the day, and placed the laurel wreaths on the bust of the poet. In all the public schools of France on Wednesday there were lectures on the life of Hugo, and readings from his works by the professors.

#### Destructive Floods

FLOODS caused by heavy rains and melting snow overspread northeastern Pennsylvania and a large part of New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire on Friday, Saturday and Sunday of last week, causing the loss of twenty-five lives by drowning and the destruction of property aggregating over \$10,000,000 in value. Traffic on many of the railroads was suspended because of the washouts and landslides. Towns were inundated, bridges and houses swept away, and numerous manufacturing establishments closed. Over 1,000 persons were rendered homeless and 50,000 temporarily deprived of employment. Paterson, N. J., caught the full force of the flood, the loss being greater than was caused by the recent fire. The loss was also especially heavy in Central New York and northeastern Pennsylvania.

#### Tillman and the President

IN view of the fact that Senator Tillman was in contempt of the Senate when Prince Henry was tendered the official reception and banquet by President Roosevelt, the President notified the offending Senator that he had decided to withdraw his invitation. Nothing more was thought of the matter until President Roosevelt received a message from Lieutenant Governor Tillman of South Carolina, a nephew of the Senator, withdrawing the invitation extended to the President some time ago to present a sword to Major Micah Jenkins, on the occasion of his visit to the Charleston Exposition. No reply was made to the message of the lieutenant governor. Intense feeling has been aroused in South Carolina. Major Jenkins has declined to receive the sword under the circumstances, and the Charleston Exposition managers have hastened to assure the President of their cordial

good-will and deny any responsibility for the communication of Lieutenant Governor Tillman. They also express utter lack of sympathy with his action. The question uppermost in many minds now is: When will the President make the promised visit to the Exposition, which was postponed several weeks ago because of his son's illness? He is receiving a great deal of advice *pro* and *con*, but declines to say when he will decide the matter.

#### Marconi's Latest Triumph

"WE broke all records this time," exclaimed Signor Marconi in response to the queries of the reporters as soon as he reached the pier Saturday, after disembarking from the American liner "Philadelphia." He exhibited a degree of elation and enthusiasm quite unusual for Marconi. The achievement which broke all records consisted of receiving wireless messages from Poldhu, Cornwall, while over 1,500 miles at sea. During the trip across communication was established with Poldhu on Feb. 23 when the liner was 250 miles out; a second message was received at a distance of 500 miles, and the third on Feb. 24 at a distance of 1,032 miles. The fourth message came on Feb. 25 when the ship was 1,163.5 miles from the station. It read: "May every blessing attend you and your party." The fifth was received when the "Philadelphia" was 1,551.5 at sea, on Feb. 25. It was: "All in order. Sign. Do you understand?" The signal "S" was caught twice by the receiver when the ship was 2,099 miles from Poldhu. The receiving of the messages in the little house on the main deck was watched not only by the Marconi party, but by the captain and the chief officer of the ship. They were recorded not only on the receiver, but were reproduced on telegraph "ticker" tape, and thereby took documentary form. Captain Mills and Chief Officer Marsden attached a statement to the fifth message certifying to the distance from Poldhu, as stated. Marconi and party will spend about two weeks in New York and Ottawa, after which they will return to England. Permanent stations will be erected on Cape Cod and in Nova Scotia, and "in not less than three months," said Marconi, "we shall be ready to send commercial messages from both those points."

#### Mothers' Congress

THE sixth National Congress of Mothers, which was held in Washington, Feb. 25 to March 2 inclusive, was a well-attended and representative body, and its deliberations were so comprehensive and thoroughly practical that they have attracted widespread attention. President Roosevelt, in greeting the board of managers, at the White House, is quoted as saying: "Of all the organizations that I've met in the past week this interests me most." Among the interesting features at the Congress, aside from the papers and addresses, was a model nursery consisting of cribs and beds, in great variety, designed to show the latest improvements in sleeping arrangements. There was also an incubator containing a live baby on exhibition. A day nursery was maintained, which, besides affording in-

struction, furnished a place where mothers could leave their little children while attending the sessions of the Congress. The addresses showed that the work of the mothers has gone beyond the four walls of the individual home to include the children of all homes; in providing vacation schools, public playgrounds, better sanitation for schools; in promoting cooperation between teacher and parent, kindergartens, old home week, the juvenile court, better education and opportunity for defective and delinquent children; and all that touches child life everywhere.

#### Pigeon Shooting Illegal

THE New York Legislature last week passed a bill prohibiting the shooting of pigeons at trap tournaments, and the measure was promptly signed by Governor Odell. President Haines, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, obtained the pen used by the Governor in affixing his signature, as a souvenir of the hard fight made by the Society to get the legislature to take action. The trap-shooting experts had a committee at Albany to oppose the bill, but the pressure of public sentiment against the indiscriminate slaughter of birds for sport was so strong that the committee could not prevent the enactment of the law. Several shooting tournaments which have been arranged for the near future will now have to be declared off or transferred to some point outside of the State.

#### Civil Service in New York

THE Fusion administration of the city of New York finds itself greatly embarrassed by the presence of a large number of undesirable city employees who were appointed and placed under the civil service rules a short time before the retirement of Tammany. It is said that the mayor cannot even appoint the messengers in his own office, that some of the school janitors will not ring a bell because they have not been specially designated as bell-ringers, and that clerks in some of the departments will not mail letters because they have not been classified as messengers. The hold-over employees have been very independent until recently, because they are protected by an absurd civil service classification. To remedy this condition, bills amending the New York charter and approved by Mayor Low have been introduced in the State Senate and Assembly. One provides that "upon the recommendation of the mayor, or any borough president, or any head of department, bureau, office or board or commission of the city of New York, or of any of the counties embraced therein, the board of estimate and appropriations may create new positions, consolidate existing positions, readjust titles, and increase or decrease salaries in any of said offices, departments, bureaus, boards or commissions." The second amendment gives the board power to alter the salaries fixed at the beginning of the year, which would otherwise continue in force unless changed by the board of aldermen. The purpose of Mayor Low's amendments is to eliminate from the charter the possibility of a deadlock between the board of

estimate and apportionment and the board of aldermen, as, according to existing requirements, both boards must consent to the changes desired in the reclassification of city employees. Inasmuch as the board of estimates is largely under the control of the Fusion administration and the board of aldermen is not, it is highly necessary to the success of the Low administration to have the charter amended as described.

#### Prince Henry's Mission

EMPEROR WILLIAM, in company with other Old World rulers, was quick to recognize the rapidly growing ascendancy of this country, but he went farther than any of them in sending his royal brother for the purpose of promoting friendly and, if possible, intimate relations. He is watching the effect of Prince Henry's tour as carefully and with as keen an interest as a German field marshal would study the manœuvres of his troops. From the diplomatic point of view it is highly successful because the democratic tact of the Prince and the enthusiastic cordiality of the American people have created the expected atmosphere in which "all questions between nations can be solved." It is stated on good authority that before the Prince started on his round of Western cities he had an understanding with President Roosevelt and his cabinet relative to commercial and other relations between the two countries, which will be productive of lasting good-will between Germany and the United States.

#### An International Affair

WHILE it is too early to predict concrete results, it is not amiss to point out the international bearing of Prince Henry's visit. Germany has interests in South America which may unexpectedly come into conflict with those of the United States. Also the commercial aggressiveness of this country has affected the industrial prosperity of the German people at home, which could be relieved by a reciprocity agreement. Germany and the United States are both interested in the preservation of the integrity of China. Great Britain and Japan have already entered into an alliance for this purpose, and, because of similarity of interests, the United States becomes practically a party to the agreement. Russia is the suspected nation so far as China is concerned, and yet Russia has given very prompt and respectful attention to a protest from the State Department relative to open trade relations in Manchuria. Russia menaces China, but the coalition of the other Powers will cause that government to move very cautiously in the Orient. Already the United States, Great Britain and Japan have drawn very closely together on the most important international questions, and now Germany is practically seeking admission to this league by courting the favor of the United States. With these considerations in mind, it is not too much to say that the visit of the Prince is one of an orderly sequence of events which are irresistibly forcing upon the United States the balance of power among the civilized nations. Carried to its logical conclusion this move-

ment would ere long make it possible for the President to command peace throughout the world.

#### Prince Henry's Tour

FTER the launching of the Emperor's new yacht, "Meteor," Prince Henry spent several days in and about New York, Washington and Annapolis, and on Friday night started on his tour of Western cities. Great crowds gathered at every stopping-place, and he was given a most enthusiastic American welcome. The itinerary included Pittsburg, Columbus, Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, and, as we go to press, he is due at Buffalo. He is expected to reach Boston on Thursday. Albany will be visited on Friday, and after two days in New York he will go on to Philadelphia. If all goes well, he will embark for home on Tuesday of next week. The Prince is thoroughly enjoying the trip and exhibits a keen interest in every phase of American life revealed by the tour. He studies the route over which he is traveling by the aid of a specially mounted map and printed matter, and constantly interrogates the representatives of the President who accompany him.

#### Teachers Wanted in London

RECENTLY fifty vacancies for women teachers in the Tower Hamlets, London, were advertised, but only four applications for the positions were received. In the infantile departments 134 vacancies were officially announced. The applicants, however, numbered but seventeen. Advertisements for teachers in the Chelsea and Westminster divisions were followed by similar results—practically no women are ready to take the positions. This singular state of affairs is due to the low salaries paid by the London School Board. Some time ago the board reduced the minimum yearly salary from \$425 to \$400. This was the last straw on the burden of many previous grievances, and the teachers decided to look for more remunerative employment elsewhere. Most of them have turned their attention to the civil service, while others have gone to towns that offer better inducements than the London Board. Even in some of the suburban departments women teachers receive larger salaries than are paid in the metropolis.

#### Tillman and McLaurin Censured

FOR several days the Senate was in a quandary over the case of Senators Tillman and McLaurin. They had been declared in contempt immediately after their encounter on the floor of the Senate chamber and on Monday President Frye had ordered their names erased from the roll; but on Tuesday he directed the clerk to restore the names to the roll in the event of a roll-call, not because he doubted the propriety of his action, but because a grave question was involved which he desired to submit to the Senate itself. Whether to suspend or expel the offending senators was the problem before the committee on privileges and elections to which the case had been referred. Expulsion of Tillman was freely advocated at first, but it soon developed that the necessary

two-thirds vote for such action could not be obtained without the help of the Democrats, and the members of that party would not consent to the expulsion of Tillman unless McLaurin was expelled also. The Republicans were determined to protect McLaurin, and thus pure partisanship kept both men in the Senate. Suspension was considered, but this was found to be contrary to the Constitution of the United States. At length the committee agreed upon a resolution censuring both Senators for their conduct, which was reported to the Senate and adopted on Friday by a vote of 54 to 12. There was practically no debate. During the roll-call Tillman gave a further indication of his innate boorishness by saying, as he declined to vote, that "among gentlemen an apology for offenses committed in the heat of blood was sufficient." This incensed some of the senators, and a demand was made that the words of Tillman be taken down. They were read to the Senate, whereupon Tillman said that he did not intend that they should be offensive, and if they were he would withdraw them. This closes the incident so far as the immediate relation between the Senators and the Senate is concerned.

#### The Pope's Jubilee

THE celebration throughout the Catholic world, on Monday of this week, of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo XIII., has served to direct general attention to his achievements during the past twenty-four years. Although not recognized as a secular ruler, he has cultivated amicable relations with the leading governments of the world, and has gained for the Roman Catholic Church a position of marked influence in the councils of the nations. Russia and Germany have representatives accredited to the Holy See, and there is much more sympathy between England and the Vatican than formerly. The Pope is credited with having held up a crumbling throne in Spain, promoted peace in Germany, and by his patience and magnanimity forestalled outbreaks in France. In the continents outside of Europe he has strengthened the Roman Catholic Church by planting schools and creating seminaries for native priests. Friendship with North America has been promoted by the establishment of Apostolic Delegations to the United States and to Canada. His general administration has been characterized by steadiness and progressiveness. While adhering to the traditions of his office, he has not resisted the developments of philosophy, science or theology. He has opened the archives of the Vatican in the interest of science, and appointed a commission to ascertain the latest conclusions of Biblical criticism—under papal supervision. He is far-seeing, comprehensive, diplomatic and patient, ever keeping the interests of the Roman Catholic Church in the forefront, but withal exhibiting a breadth of mind and largeness of soul in strange contrast with many of his predecessors. With Pope Leo in the papal chair, Romanism is less of a menace to spirituality and more of a power for positive good than if a narrow and bigoted man held that position.

## OUR HORIZON

OUR horizon depends upon the position of our eyes. If our eyes were in our feet, our horizon would be measured by inches. Providence placed them in our head, and our horizon is measured by miles.

Higher altitude means wider vision. So the good man of old was called a *seer*; his vision swept far beyond that of his fellows. Abraham *saw* the day of Christ.

Broader outlook means grander faith. Short-sightedness sees only the near, and declares the battle lost; farsightedness sweeps the far-off hills, and beholds a conquering host advancing to victory. Our views do not alter facts, but a vision of the victory that is to be acts like the blare of a thousand battle-trumpets upon the church of God. Climbing higher, we shall surely see farther.

## HELD BY OPINION

WE often hear it said that a man holds certain opinions; and sometimes we ourselves pride ourselves to no little degree on the fact that we hold certain opinions. But there is a far more fundamental question, and that is, "How far are we held by our opinions?" The test of a belief is its power to grasp and change life. To give assent to certain intellectual views, or to maintain them by argument in the face of opposition, is but a small matter. To have those opinions grip our life, to incorporate them into character, to make them the working theory of conduct — this is the essential thing. Let us beware of intellectual pride, and remember that the test of all right thinking is the manner in which that thought inspires action and shapes character. The modern church needs right opinion, intellectual orthodoxy must be had; but the supreme need is men and women whose lives have been changed by the molding force of that which they believe. We need men and women in our churches who hold right opinions; but far more do we need men and women who are held to courses of every-day righteousness by their opinions.

## THE "CARRIED" CHURCH

CHRISTIANITY has been from the first a gospel of go and get. It has walked to win. Paul was a perpetual pedestrian for the purposes of evangelism, an itinerant instinct with the love of lost souls and inspired by a flaming zeal to find and save them. Early Christianity was dynamic, not static; progressive, not regressive; active, not passive.

Today, while the same great evangelistic duty remains and is theoretically acknowledged, the tendency is marked to stay in one place rather than to "go into all the world," and to educate Christians rather than to evangelize non-Christians. It may be admitted, perhaps, that the growth of Christian institutions, and the very rich development of Christianity in countries such as England and the United States, has tended to shift the centre of gravity, so far as those lands are concerned, from the extensive to the intensive phase of religious life. Where Christianity becomes at least the nom-

inal religion of a country, there does not appear to exist the same urgency for the exercise of the outgoing ministries of the church — which thereupon busies itself more with the indoctrination of the multitudes of converts already made, who must, like so many raw recruits, be drilled into shape, or, perhaps better, be loved into the likeness of Christ.

Still, even if all this were admitted, the question would come as to what those recruits were to be trained and disciplined for, if not for aggressive warfare on the yet unconquered redoubts of sin which obtrude themselves on the surface of even American society; and a consideration will also suggest itself as to the large masses of the unevangelized beyond these shores in the colonial possessions of the United States — to say nothing of the "everlasting heathen" who with their dense masses dark-shade a great part of the map of the world. What is Christianity for if it is not for such as these? And how will it ever reach the home and foreign heathen unless in the persons of devoted men and women it goes to get and walks to win, or, to speak in more modern language, sails to save?

While rejoicing, therefore, that as the result of centuries of sacrifice and toil the Christian Church has over so large an area of the earth's surface become not simply an itinerancy, but also an institution (in other words has passed into the stage of social statics), we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the only church that can save the world must be the carried church — the church that, impelled by the dynamism of the grace of the Holy Spirit, exports its message and its mercy to near or distant points of need. This general principle, while valid for all ages, receives special illustrations in particular epochs, as the old Gospel adapts itself to changing social conditions. Only recently one of these common-sense adaptations of Christianity to modern usages received notice in the "Year Book" of the Grace Episcopal Church in New York, of which Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington is pastor. In that book Dr. Huntington records the services of Rev. Charles T. Walkley, who over and above his labors at Grace Church discharges (without pay, though with the rank of battalion chief) the functions of a chaplain to the Fire Department; and he points out that the chaplains, whether attending to the needs of the injured and dying at fires, or talking to the men in the engine-houses, or visiting the families of such members of the department as are in trouble of any sort, find their efforts warmly appreciated. "It is worth while considering," argues Dr. Huntington, "whether, in the highly specialized conditions of the civic life of the present day, this method of ministering to the moral and spiritual needs of a particular class of workers be not capable of much wider application. The Young Men's Christian Association is doing an admirable work, of a not wholly dissimilar sort, among railroad men; why should not the churches take up, study and provide for the needs of other guilds of workers? . . . The truth is, we are inclined to make churchgoing too exclusively the test of an interest on men's part in religion. There are thousands of men

in every great city with whom anything like regular churchgoing is a sheer impossibility. To such the church should be carried, and there would seem to be no better method of doing this than by some system of chaplaincies."

Dr. Huntington may not have stated the case too strongly when he said that there are thousands to whom churchgoing is an impossibility, if he means churchgoing every Sabbath. If social conditions are to continue just as they are at present, churchgoing will continue to be a difficult matter for large classes of citizens, although it should be recollected that many men have at least a Sunday off every now and then which they can use for churchgoing purposes if so disposed. It therefore becomes a serious question whether the churches, while maintaining their full sanctuary services and using every right means to urge people to attend these, should not also carry the church, so to speak, into the highways and byways, the factories, engine-rooms, prisons, asylums, almost anywhere, in short, where humanity is hidden away in the nooks and crannies, the fissures and crevices, of the established social and commercial order. Deaconesses are performing a good deal of this work with success. Our laity should share in it here as they do so usefully in England. Somebody ought to be doing it all the while. It is a good and a necessary thing to feed the flock of God, but the "sheep having no shepherd" should not meanwhile be forgotten.

## Coronation of Mrs. Daniel Steele

ON Sunday morning, Jan. 19, Harriet Binney Steele, while preparing for church, was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and lingered, evidently conscious but speechless, until Thursday, Feb. 27, when she "was not, for God took her." In the translation of this saint there has passed to her reward one of the most remarkable women of our Methodism in all of its history. Our pen hesitates in the attempt to fashion a fitting tribute and to properly present her and her life-work to our readers. She was so sincerely modest withal, and so averse to any public notice and especially to commendation, that we feel restrained from saying much that would be richly due her memory.

She was the daughter of Rev. Amos Binney, long an able and worthy member of the New England Conference, and known throughout the length and breadth of the denomination as the author of Binney's Compend. With her peculiarly alert and active mind, which developed early, there was joined a deeply religious spirit. She was always a child of God, and could never mark the hour of her conversion. When four years old she had read the New Testament through. At fifteen she was studying Greek. At Wilbraham she led her class. The first acquaintance of Dr. and Mrs. Steele was formed while they were students at Wilbraham. They were married Aug. 8, 1850, by the father of the bride. In nearly fifty-two years of married life Mrs. Steele has had but three servants, and these for only four years during the entire period. In her seventy-five years she was phenomenally active. As the wife of a minister, teacher, author, she kept and crowned the home, while at the same time incessantly busy as student, writer, missionary disciple, class-leader, and best supporter of her local church. She toiled so noiselessly and modestly in so many fields that her full work is known only to God, to whom she

has gone. She must have found a voluminous "book of remembrance" awaiting her.

Mrs. Steele's intellectual alertness continued to the last. She was intensely acquisitive of all worthy knowledge. She took all the Chautauqua courses. At seventy-four she took a new normal course of reading, and also a course in economics. She has written and published four volumes for Sunday-schools, and has written hymns for the church, one of which appears in the Methodist Hymnal, No. 874. She was a poet of ability, and by request graced many occasions with elegant verse. Her religious experience was deep, abounding and abiding. In prayer she talked with God face to face. Perhaps the Dorchester



THE LATE MRS. DANIEL STEELE

Church, where for so long she worshiped, and the elect women who met her in W. F. M. S. meetings, will longest remember "Sister Steele's prayers." Daniel Steele, that Johannine apostle, loved and revered and blessed by the living for what he has done for them with pen and tongue for the deepening and strengthening of their religious life, received no little of his own inspiration and enrichment from this sainted wife. In the dedication of his "Milestone Papers" Dr. Steele makes a uniquely gracious and beautiful acknowledgment of his obligation:

## TO HARRIET BINNEY

In Maidenhood my Mate,  
In Womanhood my Wife,  
In Gentleness my Joy,  
In Counsel my Guide,  
In Industry my Thrift,  
In Trouble my Cheer,  
In Love my Bliss.

This volume, written during our pleasant pastorate at St. Paul's Church, Lynn, is gratefully inscribed.

We have said she was speechless after the stroke during the weeks that she lingered. So she was, except as she was able imperfectly to say towards the last, "So sure, so sure," referring, of course, to the certainty and satisfaction of her Christian hope. "So sure." Enough! Blessed last words to associate with a life so perfectly filled and lived in motive, work and achievement.

Of their four children who survive two are clergymen—Rev. Wilbur F. Steele, D. D., professor in Denver University, and Rev. Charles B. Steele, of the Detroit Conference, pastor of the Methodist Church at Sault Ste. Marie. There are two daughters at the home in Milton, who have ministered lovingly to the wants of their parents in their declining years.

The funeral was held in the Methodist

Episcopal Church in Dorchester, the pastor, Rev. C. W. Holden, officiating, assisted by former pastors, Revs. R. F. Holway, G. A. Phinney, John Galbraith, and W. T. Perrin. Tender and very comforting and inspiring addresses were delivered by these pastors, who knew her so well, and the services were fittingly closed by singing these stanzas from her own hymn:

"Though no more the incarnate Saviour  
We behold in latter days;  
Though a temple far less glorious  
Echoes now the songs we raise;  
Still in glory  
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

"Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,  
All Thy wondrous acts proclaim,  
Till all heaven and earth resounding,  
Echo with Thy glorious name;  
Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

## IN MEMORIAM -- HARRIET BINNEY STEELE

PRESIDENT WILLIAM F. WARREN.

Secure! Secure!  
Memories, deeds, and dreams demure,  
Heaven's complete investiture,  
All are secure!

And all endure!  
Witness-word: "So sure! so sure!"  
Witness-life, so pure, so pure;  
All, all endure!

Boston University, Feb. 27.

## A MEMORABLE INTERRUPTION

THE procedure of the New York courts was interrupted one day last week in an unprecedented manner, the justification of the adjournment being found in the fact that that morning the funeral of Mrs. Rebecca Salome Foster, familiarly known as the "Tombs Angel," who lost her life in the Park Avenue hotel fire, was to be held. District Attorney Jerome moved an adjournment in the several courts that had cases on, visiting them all for that purpose. In the court of special sessions the District Attorney said of Mrs. Foster:

"What she was to this court and the unfortunate people with whom it has to deal is too well known to need statement. For many years she came and went among us with but a single purpose—

"That men might rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"There is a word which is seldom used here. To us who, in the administration of the criminal law, are daily brought into contact with the misfortune and sin of humanity, it seems almost a lost word. It is the word 'holy.' In all that that word means to English-speaking peoples it seems to me that it could be applied to her. She was one of those of whom it has been written:

"And none but the Master shall praise them,  
And none but the Master shall blame."

Those were certainly remarkable words to be heard in a court-room. But they were called forth by the devoted career of a remarkable woman—and a similar honor has never been paid to a woman before. The sight of judges, court officers, lawyers and keepers joining with church workers in paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of a refined and cultivated woman, whose funeral was held in a church situated in the very midst of the city's hum, is calculated to give pause to thought, and to set people thinking regarding the true uses of life. The key-note of the life of Mrs. Foster might be expressed in one word—mercy. She loved to fold the sinful and despairing in her arms. Daily she visited the forbidding Tombs—itself a vast stone sepulchre of hope—that she might, through

divine grace, become the means of exorcising from some almost demoniac soul the evil spirit of lust, passion or despair. Having no one dependent upon her, Mrs. Foster served for years without pay, and with no thought of human recognition. She might be said to have had a passion for the rescuing of wrecked humanity. Extremely touching have been the tributes to her character offered since her tragic death by some of the poor souls who were redeemed from a life of sin and shame through her efforts. Rightly was she called the "Tombs Angel," for she did the work of an



THE LATE MRS. REBECCA S. FOSTER

angel, and in the eyes of the poor unfortunates to whom her coming was like a burst of sunshine after deepest night, seemed, in her refinement and beauty, fairly angelic. In her person and career gospel appeared co-operating with law, and righteousness and mercy kissed each other. The memory of such souls is blessed.

## FRUITLESS ADVOCACY OF SUNDAY SALOONS

FIRST of religious papers to make an emphatic protest against the purpose of the Fusion Party leaders of New York to introduce the Sunday saloon, the HERALD said at the same time that there was no occasion for alarm if only the people of the State were properly aroused to meet the issue. The result encouragingly justifies our prophecy. District Attorney Jerome's excise bill, which proposes to grant to New York city the legal right to open Sunday saloons, and which he took to the Assembly some weeks ago with so much confidence, is still slumbering in committee, and no hearings upon it have been scheduled. Senator Wagner, who introduced the bill, said the other day that it might sleep "as long as Rip Van Winkle." The New York Tribune of Feb. 26 says:

"Mr. Jerome found no senator or assemblyman who was willing to stand sponsor for his measure to liberalize the law by direct act of the legislature, and there is not the slightest reason to look for its adoption, or, indeed, to think that it will be seriously considered at the present session. . . . Of the half-dozen excise bills now before the legislature the only one which seems likely to pass is that introduced yesterday, which is said to be approved by the Excise Department and the Governor, and which merely aims to facilitate the prosecution of cases in which violation of the present law is charged."

Neither District Attorney Jerome, Lyman Abbott, Bishop Potter, nor Dr. W. S. Rainsford is able to carry a measure to introduce Sunday saloons in New York city. The people can still be trusted on great moral questions.

## The Transcript's Strange Twist

THE Boston *Transcript* of March 3 contains an editorial upon "Dealing with Heresy," in which it again refers to the case of Prof. C. W. Pearson. Its definitions of heresy and tolerance are so unusual as to surprise even those who have but slight knowledge of the creeds of Christendom. That paper does, however, for the first time, give its hearers some intelligent idea of the extent of Prof. Pearson's heresy. This is so much of a concession that we overlook many of its misleading half-truths and unjust criticisms. The *Transcript* now admits that Prof. Pearson "eliminated the supernatural from the New Testament as well as from the Old," and yet, in its judgment, there is nothing heretical in his so doing. The *Transcript* actually appears to be incapable of apprehending what heresy really is. Our worthy contemporary can perceive no distinction between an allowable and inevitable difference of opinion concerning theories of inspiration and necessary and legitimate discussions in regard to the date and authorship of the books of the Bible, and the elimination of a cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith. With this striking limitation and a wrong attitude towards discussions of this nature (to which previous attention has been called), the *Transcript* inevitably blunders and does harm whenever it treats these serious questions. Thus in censuring the Methodist Episcopal Church because it will not consent to the elimination of all miracles, including of course those of Jesus Christ and that transcendent miracle on which the Christian faith is based—His resurrection—the *Transcript* thereby censures and affronts not only Methodists, but members of every evangelical body.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has not been peculiar, nor has it acted in a "passion," as our neighbor charges, in dealing with the grave heresy of Prof. Pearson. Every representative Christian denomination would have taken a similar course. The references to John Wesley and Prof. Mitchell are historically inaccurate and misleading. And it should be known by our readers that the *Transcript*, almost alone of the secular and religious press from California to South Carolina, has shown this strange and perverse twist in treating the case of Professor Pearson.

## PERSONALS

— Bishop Warren is to make an episcopal visit to India during the next winter season.

— Bishop Hartzell, returning from Africa, expects to reach England next August, and New York, perhaps, by Sept. 1.

— Dr. G. R. Davis has sailed for Pekin, China. He goes to resume his missionary labors.

— Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

— Rev. Eugene M. Antrim, who has spent a year abroad in special studies, will return in March in season to resume work at the coming session of the New England Conference.

— President Warren, with other representatives of educational institutions in this vicinity, is among the guests invited to the banquet given by the city of Boston to Prince Henry.

— Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, whose dangerous illness of Bright's disease in Mexico has been announced in these columns, is reported to be failing, "with little likeli-

hood of any improvement." He is now at Cuatla, Mexico.

— George W. Miller, D. D., of New York Conference, died at his residence in Trenton, N. J., Feb. 17. Dr. Miller went to Trenton to reside last November, having been a supernumerary member of New York Conference since 1897.

— Bishop Mallalieu leaves Boston on Wednesday of this week for the West, to be absent six weeks. He will preside over the Kansas Conference at Washington, March 12; the South Kansas at Paola, March 19; the Southwest Kansas at Arkansas City, March 26; the Northwest Kansas at Osborne, April 2.

— Above the ample fireplace in the study of the late John Fiske was written the motto of his life :

"Disce, ut semper victurus;  
Vive, ut cras moriturus."

which, literally translated, reads :

"Study, as if you were to live forever;  
Live, as if you were to die tomorrow."

— The Boston *Advertiser* of Monday said: "Consul Gracey intends to return from his post at Foo Chow, China, this year. Mrs. Gracey is to sail this month from Foo Chow to her home in Middleboro, and the Consul will follow as soon as the department of state can arrange about his leave of absence."

— A "Life of Bishop E. W. Parker" is in course of preparation by Rev. J. H. Messmore, and may be expected by the end of the year. The writer was the lamented Bishop's intimate friend and colleague, and is one of the oldest members of the North India Conference, to which the deceased leader belonged.

— At the fourth quarterly conference of Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati, held last week, the presiding elder, Rev. Davis W. Clark, D. D., was commissioned to lay wreaths on the graves of Dr. and Mrs. Brodbeck when he next goes to Boston. Walnut Hills was Dr. Brodbeck's last pastorate before coming East to Tremont St.

— Mr. Philip A. Butler, the artist, recently presented to the Auburndale Sunday-school a beautiful water-color, splendidly framed, representing Jesus and the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. It is about 36 x 44 inches in size and occupies a conspicuous place in the chapel, and it is greatly prized because of its beauty in design and execution. It is Mr. Butler's own work.

— Rev. F. C. Rogers has received a unanimous invitation from the official board of the Haverhill St. Church, Lawrence, to return for the fifth year. The health of Mr. Rogers and his family was somewhat impaired early in the present Conference year, and the idea was entertained of seeking a more favorable climate; but with greatly improved health they will, with the consent of the appointing power, remain in Lawrence.

— Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of Union Theological Seminary, New York city, is to follow in the succession of Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrows and Principal Fairbairn as Haskell lecturer on certain phases of Christianity, as having special relation to the Orient.

— Rev. Charles M. Howard, of North Ontario, Cal., late of the New Hampshire Conference, writes under date of Feb. 20: "After a little over five months' sojourn in this far-away State we are called to mourn the departure of Mrs. Howard's mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Bickford, who has resided with us ever since our marriage in 1886. She was 82 years of age and had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church

for over sixty-five years. The Heavenly Father sustains us."

— Mr. Charles H. Fahs, now on the editorial staff of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, has been elected missionary editor by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society. Mr. Fahs will be general editor of the missionary literature, having charge of *World Wide Missions* and other publications of the Society, including the annual report.

— Rev. Dr. Sutherland, missionary secretary of the Methodist Church of Canada, by direction of the Board of Missions will leave for Japan at once to examine the work in that country. The union of the various Methodist churches in Japan will be a prominent topic for consideration. Dr. Sutherland expects to be away for three months, returning about the middle of June.

— The U. S. S. "Iowa," having been ordered to the South Atlantic Station, Chaplain D. H. Tribou, U. S. N., was transferred to the U. S. S. "Wisconsin," which became the flagship of the Pacific Station on the transfer of the "Iowa." His address is U. S. S. "Wisconsin," care U. S. Despatch Agent, New York. Our latest mail advises left him at Santiago, Chile, en route to Valparaiso from Talcahuano to join his new ship.

— When the late Dr. William McDonald, in August, 1900, called at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Steele in Milton to express his congratulations upon the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, he came away most impressed by the assurance that Mrs. Steele made to him in the declaration: "It is beautiful to grow old." To her it was a living and joyous fact, and she daily illustrated it. What a lesson is this for the multitude who, perhaps more than anything else, dread to grow old! And yet she conquered this universally natural feeling of the generations only through the eternal spirit of youth which the Christian hope had implanted in her soul.

— Rev. Manley S. Hard, D. D., as first assistant corresponding secretary of the Board of Church Extension, has not yet filled all of his formerly made engagements, so that he has not been much in the office. However, he will move to Philadelphia after April 15, and his family will be located at 218 Hight St., Germantown. Dr. Hard reports that a woman has promised him \$2,500 in a week, and that he sent \$2,500 cash to the treasurer during the past ten days. The Twentieth Century idea is not lost sight of by those who are now giving to the benevolences.

— Rev. A. J. Hall, pastor at Sudbury, sends this pathetic note under date of March 1: "Our daughter, Marion I. Hall, after four days of illness, entered into rest Feb. 27. We lay her under the flowers today." May the Comforter come very close to these stricken parents!

— The *Union Signal* announces the engagement of Miss Jessie Ackermann to a Russian nobleman, an old friend, who saved her life when she was in Russia some years ago. "Miss Ackermann's last journey, undertaken in the fall of 1900, was under the auspices of a literary syndicate, she having relinquished her commission of Round-the-World missionary, as well as her membership in the W. C. T. U., feeling that her literary career was best conserved by freedom from all obligations of a reform nature." She will live in Russia after her marriage.

— The *Mail and Express* of New York city, in its issue of Feb. 22, contains an interesting, two-column article on Calvary

[Continued on Page 317.]

**STUDENTS' MISSIONARY CONVENTION**  
"ALIQUIS."

THE Students' Volunteer Missionary Convention, held at Toronto, Canada, Feb. 26 to March 2, was one of the most important missionary gatherings ever held. It was wonderfully inspiring to see nearly three thousand of the brightest spirits of the colleges of this continent come from near and far to take counsel together as to the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom — the young life and young blood of the Christian churches organized for a glorious victory.

One could not help being profoundly impressed with the intense moral earnestness of these brave young souls. They did not come for a summer outing or a pleasant picnic, but at much personal sacrifice they came for inspiration and information. The future was theirs. They were knights of a Christian chivalry consecrating themselves with a devotion as pure as Sir Galahad's to a nobler quest than that for the Holy Grail.

There was nothing starched nor stilted about the personnel of this convention. On the platform were a number of grave and reverend seigniors, some of whom bore the scars of battle and had seen hard service in the high places of the field; but the rank and file were eager young souls just buckling on the armor. Almost the only insignia were the college colors which many wore. A few "sweet girl graduates" or occasional students wore the college cap and gown, but not many. Most of the men wore cutaway business coats, and meant business from the beginning — fresh, boyish faces with the bloom of youth upon them and its brightness in their eyes, scarcely a bearded face in the floor or the galleries.

Over the great organ was the motto of the Students' Volunteer Association, "The Evangelization of the World in the Present Generation," draped with the British and American flags, emblems of the Christian civilizations by which this great work shall chiefly be accomplished. Studded all over the great auditorium were the names of the States and Provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick side by side with Texas and Louisiana and Maine and Massachusetts facing Iowa and Minnesota — the fulfillment of the Scripture: "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." Boston University and other New England institutions were well represented. It would gratify their many friends to know the high esteem in which Dr. Buell and other wise men of the East are held.

The welcome to the city was conveyed by representatives of the three leading Protestant denominations: Dr. Sweetman, Anglican Bishop of the Toronto diocese, a somewhat dapper personage, wearing an episcopal garb, who spoke in a cultured and scholarly manner, rejoicing in the broad common platform on which all the churches might unite, however widely they might be apart in matters of church government, in modes of worship, and in dogmatic theology. Rev. Dr. Caven, principal of Knox College, a saintly man, none more highly beloved and esteemed in Canada, but of rather weak physical presence and like Cassius of "a lean and hungry look," represented the Presbyterian contingent. Rev. Dr. Potts, secretary of education of the Methodist Church, big and burly in form, robust and manly in thought, and of stentorian voice, made the most impressive address of welcome. He compared the convention with that of the returned missionaries in New York two

years ago. That, he said, was historic; the present was prophetic, and would, he believed, soon turn prophecy into history.

In his reply to the words of welcome the ever youthful J. R. Mott, secretary of the Volunteer Movement, who seems to wed the wisdom of a sage with the enthusiasm of a boy, emphasized the fact that the convention represented the coming leadership of the English-speaking races of the world, and illustrated the hold which Christianity had on the institutions of higher education. It was a challenge to the skeptical and critical spirit of the age. That over fifty divisions and branches of the Christian Church were represented in their common purpose and common faith was a striking illustration of Christian unity.

The report of the Student Volunteer Movement, read by Mr. Mott, spoke of progress all along the line. Eight hundred colleges with over one hundred thousand students had been reached, a whole missionary literature had been created, 325 classes for the scientific study of missions had been organized, 1,853 volunteers had gone out in the service of fifty missionary societies, and over 1,500 student missionary societies had been organized with 70,000 members.

It would be impossible to report even in outline the many addresses given at this great convention. We can reflect only its general spirit, and note some of its more striking characteristics:

No man created a profounder impression than Bishop Thoburn of India, who was characterized by Secretary Mott as "a missionary statesman, a missionary prophet, and a missionary apostle." He twice addressed the convention with great power. He emphasized especially the need of spiritual men for this great spiritual work. The missionary must go with the seraph's zeal and with a soul on fire to bring the fallen races to the feet of Jesus. Not by dint of subtle dialectic, not by clever controversy, but by bearing witness to the love of God in Christ to a fallen world, the great victories of the Cross are won.

Two visitors from Great Britain brought greetings from the university life of the Old World. Prebendary Fox of the Church Missionary Society, a dignified and cultured Christian gentleman, conveyed the Godspeed of that great institution, and Mr. T. Jayes described the progress of the Volunteer movement in the old land.

The characteristic note of the convention was its profound religious earnestness, its deep spiritual character. Applause was suppressed, the presence of the Master was felt. There was little expression of humor, but one of the exceptions was the address of Dr. George Scholl, secretary of the Lutheran Society, whose paper on preparation for missionary service bristled with points and sparkled with epigram. He urged the all-importance of consecrated common sense which he took for but the synonym for the highest spiritual endowments. The missionary must have a sound mind in a sound body and thorough mental equipment as well as all the gifts and graces of the Christian character.

The most popular meetings were those which describe the

**Trials and Triumphs of Christian Missions.**

One whole evening was devoted to the unevangelized millions. Dr. Janvier, of Allahabad, described mission life in India. He was like a powerful dynamo surcharged with electricity. He spoke of the failure of the British educational system, excluding as it did religious teaching and converting thousands of college graduates into agnostics; hence the duty of Christian education devolved upon the mission churches.

Dr. Underwood, a strong, sturdy, stalwart, full-bearded man, spoke with impassioned power of twenty years' progress in Korea. When he went there it was a hermit nation sealed against the Gospel, now it is open to all the world.

No address more deeply thrilled the souls of the people than that of Willis D. Hotchkiss, of the Friends Mission in West Africa. This quiet Quaker dressed in clerical grey roused the highest enthusiasm. He walked 350 miles in 30 days to his mission-field; he returned in a single day. He had thirty attacks of African fever, had lived fourteen months without seeing a piece of bread, had eaten all kinds of food from ants to rhinoceros, but gladly would he return to teach the meaning of the word Saviour to those dark, deluded people.

Dr. W. S. Ament and Dr. Gamewell, the heroes of the besieged legations at Pekin, were heard with profound interest. "The imperial city," said Dr. Ament, "is today the saddest spot on the face of the earth, with more weeping eyes, more desolated homes, more broken hearts, than any other city in the world." Yet China is the strategic point in missions. It is now a martyr church, and must have a future of glorious triumph. Dr. Gamewell, that Methodist missionary who showed the foreign military officers how to entrench and defend the legations, told with singular modesty the marvelous story of the siege of Pekin and of the faithfulness unto death of the martyred Christian converts, Catholic and Protestant alike, estimated at not less than thirty thousand souls. It was a deeply impressive moment when with a powerful voice the great audience sang solemnly in memory of the missionary martyrs the hymn, "For all the saints who from their labors rest." Dr. F. Howard Taylor, the son of Hudson Taylor of the China Inland Mission, and his accomplished wife, won all hearts by the saintly spirit, the evangelical earnestness, the moral enthusiasm, with which they addressed the great audiences.

**"The Printed Page as a Missionary Force"** was admirably treated by J. W. Wood, a missionary secretary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a boyish-looking figure, but alert to his finger-tips. While the living voice is one of the greatest factors in missionary teaching, he said, yet the printed page can go where the voice cannot, and will abide when the voice has ceased to speak. By its means the Bible has already been printed in four hundred languages, and twelve hundred millions of persons can read in their own mother-tongue the Word of Life. The quality of missionary literature already is high and the quantity great. Students are using more than any other class. Let them create a demand for the good and attractive, not the dull and deadening, and publishers will give it. The circulation of the missionary magazines of the church is utterly inadequate, and should be greatly increased.

Rev. Harlan P. Beach, educational secretary of the Volunteer Movement, a well-groomed and graceful speaker, discussed the place of missionary students in colleges and theological seminaries. "We go to college," said Joseph Cook, "not to reap the fields of knowledge, but to learn how to sharpen our sickles," and such studies would contribute to this result. "The educated man should be unwilling," said Voltaire, "to view the world from the spire of his own particular steeple," and missionary studies would widen the horizon and cure the myopic vision of the church. The speaker caused much amusement by stating that at Yale he had studied for three days the life history of a single animalcule

[Continued on Page 320.]

## A SUNDAY FIFTY MILES ABOVE THE POLAR CIRCLE\*

REV. AUGUST ROCKBERG.

Pastor M. E. Church, Malmberget, Sweden.

IT is Sunday near New Year's time, and at the winter solstice. The snow has been on the ground for more than three months. Now it is more than nine feet deep. The daytime during the last weeks has become shorter and shorter, and the distance between the point in the horizon where the sun is rising and the point where the sun sets has grown narrower and narrower, until at last the sun is rising and setting at the same point.

It is 10 A. M. on Sunday. It is the time for the beginning of the Sunday-school at Malmberget. It is not full daylight, but the children have good eyes and can see to sing and read. The school is closed at 11 A. M., and then the regular preaching service commences. If it is a cloudy day, the preacher must have unusually good sight if he can see to read his Bible. But if the sky is clear and cloudless, it is day-break about 11 A. M., and he can see better to read.

After the preacher has read his text and begins to preach, the sky becomes painted with the richest variety of colors. The whole canopy of heaven from horizon to zenith radiates in red, brown, yellow, violet — indeed, all the colors of the rainbow. The red light throws its red rays upon the white snow. In the south, on the other side of the mountain Dundret, where the sun is somewhere, great, many-colored pillars of light are rising, sometimes up to the very zenith. This is the famous "Lapland's brilliancy of color," "Lapland's play of color." The minister must preach with vigor and interest his hearers

the horizon, away in a cleft in Dundret. It will not rise higher, but there is enough of it to pour out upon the whole region a supernatural lustre and splendor. Before the "application" is finished, however, the sun has disappeared, and when we sing the long-metre doxology it is twilight again.

This is one of the shortest days of the year in this region above the polar circle, but it is also one of our most beautiful. To



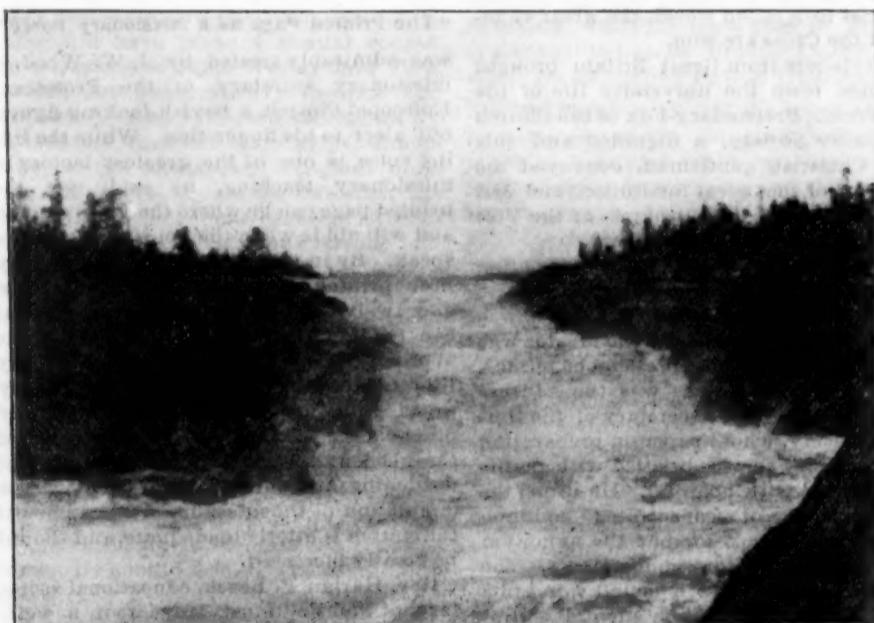
THE MIDNIGHT SUN  
Seen from Gellivare, Dundret.

This picture was taken by Rev. August Rockberg, the 19th of June, 1901. The white spots are the Vassara lake, about 1900 feet deep down in the valley.

me, at least, it seems to be more glorious than even the midsummer-day when the sun is shining day and night.

When we leave the chapel it is already evening. Thus we arrive at the service *before* sunrise, and leave *after* sunset. A Sunday service at the winter solstice above the polar circle is to the audience "a whole day in the house of the Lord."

At 5 P. M. we have our afternoon serv-



HARSPRONGET

This is the greatest waterfall in Norrbotten. At high water it has 675,000 horse-power. In severe winters the spray is frozen and forms a bridge of ice over the fall. The hares go over this bridge — from which it receives its name — "The Hare's-leap" (Harspronget).

In order to keep the attention of the audience, otherwise they prefer to look out through the windows. When the preacher has gone through points one, two, and three, and is about to begin the application and exhortation (about 11.45 A. M.), the sun looks up with half of its face above

ice, but then we must have the petroleum lamps burning to light the chapel.

At 8 P. M. we have the public service of the Epworth chapter. To this meeting all are invited.

In this way, and under such circumstances, we spend our shortest Sundays at Malmberget, fifty English miles above the polar circle.

\* This letter was translated from the Swedish by Rev. K. A. Jansson.

## THEY CRY FOR BREAD

REV. P. ROSS PARRISH, D. D.

WE have just come from a special revival meeting of several weeks' continuance. It has been held in a large, well-equipped church. A trained evangelist has supplemented the work of the faithful pastor and his splendid corps of workers. The evangelist has preached the Gospel with clearness and cogency. The audiences have been made up largely of church members. The few unconverted people who have come in have been chiefly the chronic church-going sort. As a rule they remain unmoved. The church has been quickened somewhat. A few backsliders in the church and out have been warmed over. But aside from incidental interest among the children, few conversions have occurred. We confess that we are compelled to go home from many of these good meetings with a heavy heart. What has occurred in this particular case has been repeated in many instances.

We believe in evangelistic effort of the most courageous and persistent sort. We believe in revivals that break through the crust of church formality and fruit themselves in righteousness. We believe in revivals that make men tremble under the power of God. We believe in revivals that reach and save sinners high and low, in the church and out. We believe in revivals which transform the moral life of neighborhoods and nations.

But we do not believe in revivals that seek to do these things to the neglect of others of equal importance. We do not believe in the revival that thinks more of the sot than it does of the Sunday-school boy; nor in the revival that works harder to save the tough old sinner than it does the susceptible child whom Jesus plainly told us was the model subject of the kingdom of heaven. And, worse than all, through such mistaken efforts we often lose the child and miss the coveted adult convert.

We must not be understood to be opposed or indifferent to real revival work. We believe in it so much that the average sentimental and superficial revival does not satisfy us. It does not go deep enough, nor reach high enough, nor last long enough. We are using it here simply as a background and starting-point for what we have to say. Our contention is not against the revival as such, but because well nigh the entire evangelistic emphasis of the church is placed upon an effort to secure the conversion of adults. This is a false and unscriptural balance. Concerning the conversion of adults and the religious training of children the saying may well apply: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

Surely there is no necessary friction or war between the spirit that saves a child and that which rescues a chronic sinner. Surely any true church should be broad enough in its aims to do both. Surely the church which is derelict regarding the spiritual tutelage and care of its own children is unfit to be the foster-mother of adult babes in Christ. I have wondered sometimes if the devil could have devised a better trick on the church than to delude it into general neglect of its own chil-

dren by turning such exclusive attention to adult conversion. It is the open shame of some evangelists and preachers that they glory in reporting a revival of adults, not including children. With proper care pledged, they might with greater safety

noon meetings be held for mothers. Let several evening conferences be arranged, one for the Sunday-school teachers, and another for parents. If thought best, the pastor could meet the fathers, and some competent leader the mothers on the same

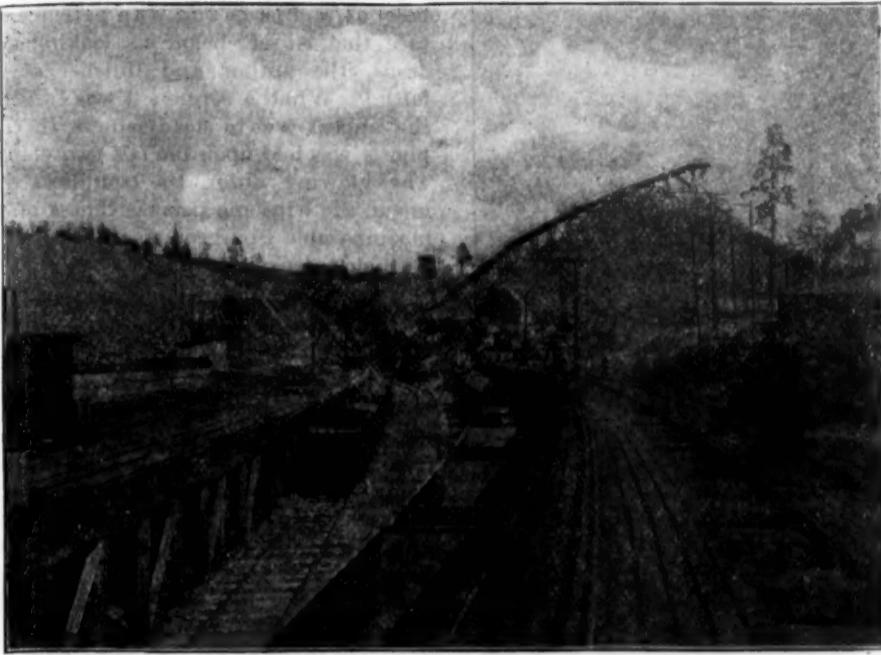
ject. Can we not somehow crystallize it? Also send material on the subject, or references to the same, which will add to our fast-growing data.

Chicago, Ill.

#### Dr. Steele -- An Incident

THE death of Rev. George M. Steele, D. D., of the New England Conference, recalls an incident which may have some things about it making it worthy of relating:

On the afternoon of September 8, 1864, the writer landed at City Point, Virginia, the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, as a delegate of the Christian Commission to that army. The headquarters of the Commission were located here, and there we at once reported. After supper Dr. Steele and Revs. Claggett, Grover, Cutler, and the writer started out for a stroll about the place. We knew that General Grant's quarters were in the neighborhood, and we moved in the direction they were supposed to be. In a short time, making a turn, we saw the General's tent a short distance in front of us, and him sitting under an awning before the tent reading a newspaper. One of the party, we know, felt somewhat abashed, and would have turned aside rather than face the famous hero, not knowing exactly how such an unannounced intrusion might be regarded by him. But Dr. Steele, the eldest and most experienced of the party, moved right forward, and the others followed. This was the commander of all the armies of the United States, and the most famous general at that hour in the world; but there he sat at the front of his tent, entirely alone and unprotected, as plain and unassuming a



THE FIRST MINE IN MALMBERGET

The Lapps began to work the mine, and took the iron ore with their reindeer and sledges down to Luleo.

count the children and throw the really converted adults in.

If the same strength which is spent in public preaching and general revival efforts was intelligently spent upon the children, the results would be ten-fold what they are in both quantity and quality. Intelligent effort in this direction means much. It implies the instruction and co-operation of the parents regarding their solemn duty. It implies getting the church in condition to nurture child disciples. It involves the consecration and co-operation of Sunday-school teachers and Junior workers. It necessitates, more than all, that the pastor be awakened to a sense of his duty and danger. It would not involve much new machinery — only the spiritual, practical and well-defined use of what we have.

We believe the hour has come for a crusade in the interests of the children. It must begin with the adults, who are primarily responsible for their spiritual care. The church should act in unison as far as practicable. To this end, may we not set apart a special week in which to canvass and pray over this work? We believe this can be done in every church if the Junior superintendent and pastor will take the initiative and work together. A faithful, hearty effort will interest the Sunday-school teachers and parents more than you think. Why not set apart a week for prayer and conference regarding the spiritual quickening and care of the children?

We suggest that the second week in April (6-13) be set apart for the purpose. If this week is not convenient, take the first week following that is. Let the pastor preach on some opening phrase of the subject, April 6. Let the Epworth League talk and pray about it in the evening. Let as many afternoons and evenings of the week as possible be given up to this interest. Let two or three after-

evening. Devote a week-night prayer-meeting to the subject. Hold one conference with the professed Christians among the boys and girls. Preach another sermon on the subject the following



CONFISCATING LIQUORS IN MALMBERGET

More than one hundred illegal saloons have been at work in Malmberget during the last few years. As soon as there was evidence that they had sold intoxicating drink, the justice of the peace came and confiscated their whole store. The picture was taken at 12 o'clock in the night.

ing Sunday and give such further attention to it as seems expedient.

I trust all who read this article and approve its main sentiment and purpose will write the author concerning the same at 57 Washington St., Chicago. Send a postal card, if no more. There is a vast amount of latent conviction on this sub-

man as we had seen. One sentinel — and he the only one about — walked his beat a little distance from the General's quarters, and paid no attention whatever to us as we passed.

When the General saw us approaching he arose, stepped forward and extended his hand to take that proffered by Dr. Steele. The Doctor introduced himself, and then

the others in turn. With each the General shook hands cordially, and invited us to be seated. When all had been seated but one, there remained but a single chair, and it was filled with letters and dispatches which the General had thrown into it after he had read them, and the visitor hesitated to occupy it. Seeing this hesitation, the General said promptly and with emphasis: "Sit down, Mr. —," naming the man readily, "sit down; you will not hurt them at all."

Then followed a most delightful interview, led chiefly on our part by Dr. Steele. There was not the slightest reserve or hesitation. The General talked with the utmost freedom and ease, and did not seem to have any secrets to conceal. One might fairly have inferred from his manner that he was ready to tell us everything he knew about every army under his command. Sherman had just then fairly commenced his famous march to the sea, and the question was asked whether he had moved beyond a certain point, to which the General replied: "Oh, no; he will not move further for some time. He must wait for provisions. It takes a good deal of bread and meat to feed as many boys as Sherman has with him." Thus he talked freely about all matters mentioned, having the shrewdness to direct the conversation always to the things which required no concealment. We met little brigadier-generals and colonels afterward who impressed us that they were afraid to open their mouths for fear they would reveal some great military secrets which might betray the army to its ruin.

During much of the time the General was the questioner. He showed a deep interest in the condition of things in the country. He questioned us closely as to the state of public feeling at home touching

the war; the probabilities of the then pending Presidential election; recruiting for the army, and many other things which concerned the future of the country.

Altogether the interview was a memorable one to all the visitors. Its incidents



TURISTHUT ON DUNDRET

This picture was taken, June 19, 1901, at 12 o'clock in the night, by Rev. August Rockberg.

and conversations are vivid in memory to this day, and for this pleasure we were chiefly indebted to Dr. Steele. — *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

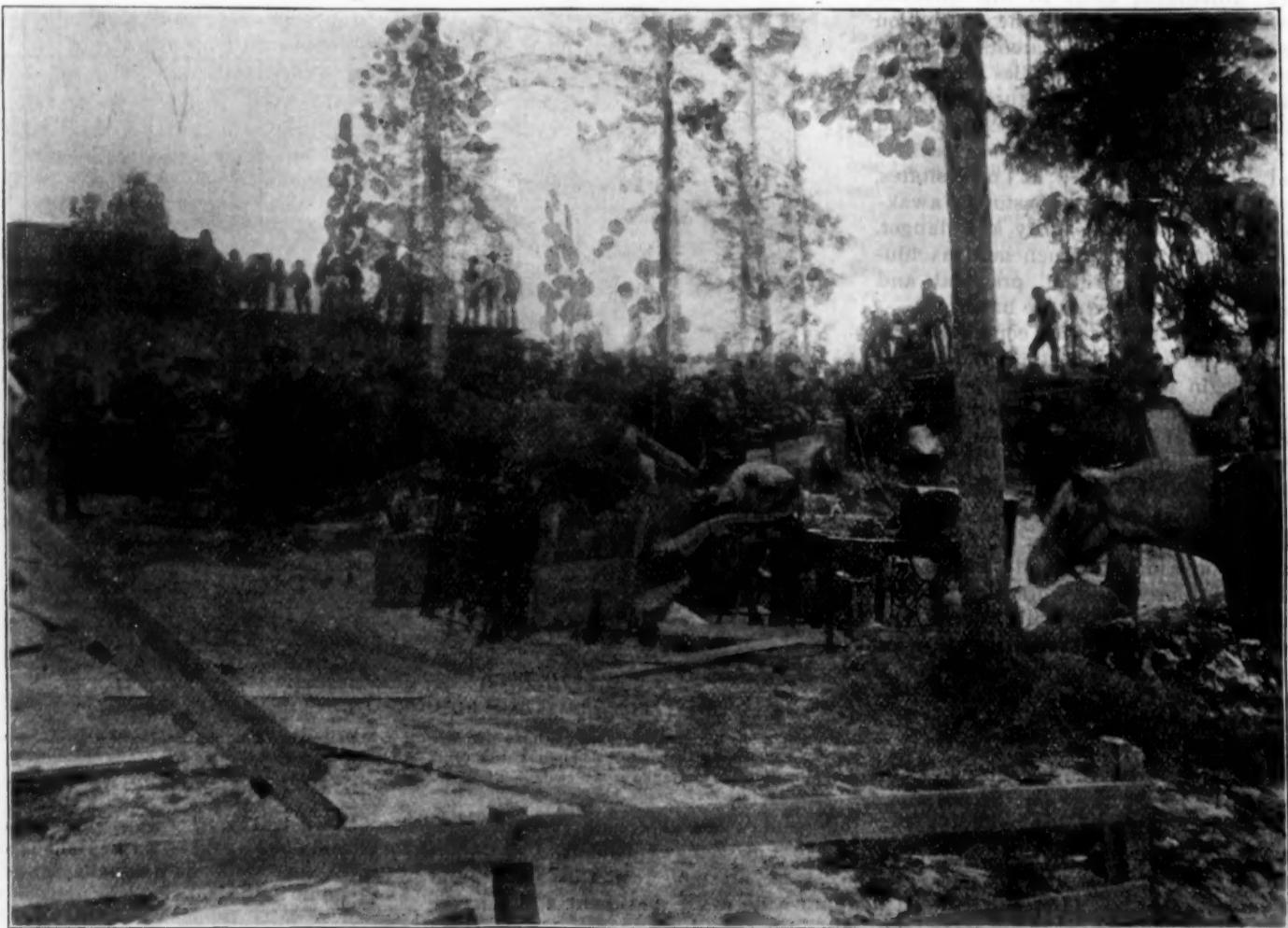
#### NEWMAN HALL: PREACHER

REV. EZRA S. TIPPLE, D. D.

IT was in 1890, about two years before he resigned the pastorate of Christ Church, London, where he had been stationed thirty-eight years, that I heard Newman Hall preach a remarkable sermon. Two weeks previous I had been in the Metropolitan Tabernacle listening to Spurgeon, whom Newman Hall regarded as "the greatest preacher of the Church

of Christ." Spurgeon's text that morning was the well-known climax of the Apostle's unexampled description of the power of faith: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." What a sermon it was! While the appeal was to steadfastness, the emphasis was laid upon the last two clauses. The glowing ardor, the boundless optimism, the winsome persuasiveness of the incomparable Spurgeon were manifest in all their potency that day.

When Newman Hall announced his text it was that same Scripture, and he also elected to speak more particularly of that "Looking unto Jesus." The two sermons were as unlike as could well be imagined. The texts were approached from different points; the method of treatment was dissimilar; the appearance, the manner of speech, the style of the two men were unlike, and yet there was one respect in which they were then and always alike—they both preached Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour. It was as Spurgeon wrote to his long-time friend in 1888, on the latter's seventieth birthday: "In these days we are two of the old school. Our experience has taught us that both for conversion and edification the doctrine of Christ crucified is all-sufficient. A childlike faith in the atoning sacrifice is the foundation for the purest and noblest of characters. As the ham-



HOW ILLEGAL SALOON-KEEPERS ARE TURNED OUT OF DOORS IN MALMBERGET

Measures were taken to drive out illegal saloon-keepers and law-breakers from Malmberget. Their lodgings are pulled down. The picture represents the pulling down of the nest of the chief of these illegal saloon-keepers. He was called "the Wolf." The furniture has been carried out from the house.

mer comes down on the anvil ever with the same ring, so will we preach Christ! Christ! Christ! and nothing else but Christ."

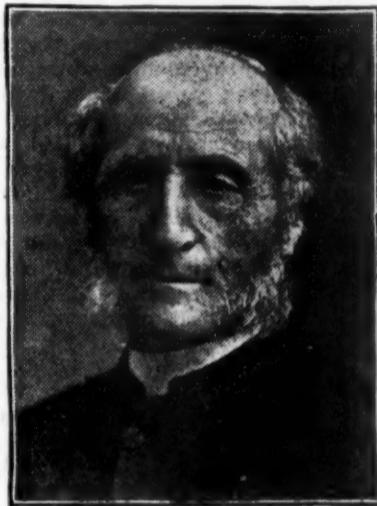
The text which Newman Hall undoubtedly most frequently used was the words which he learned on his mother's knee—his earliest memory, he was wont to say—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." His first sermon was based on this life-giving passage from St. John's gospel. More than a hundred times, he himself says, he preached from this same inexhaustible text. When he preached in Edward Everett Hale's Boston pulpit it was from this wonderful announcement. His last sermon in Surrey Chapel before vacating it for the new Christ Church, and his last sermon as the pastor of Christ Church, London, when after fifty years of service as a Christian minister he yielded the place to Rev. F. B. Meyer, were from this same text. The dominant note of his more than sixty years' ministry was Jesus, the atoning and ruling Saviour. The first Sunday after his ordination he spoke from the words: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and all through his life he was of the conviction "that there is no phase of Gospel truth which does not shine in the light of the Cross;" and, in corroboration of this opinion, told this incident in the life of the distinguished Puritan preacher, Andrew Fuller, who, when a young man, having preached an eloquent sermon, as he thought, asked the old veteran what he thought of it. The latter replied: "Very grand, but no Gospel." "But sir, it is not in the text," the young fledgling argued. "There is no lane in the land," was the incontrovertible reply, "which does not lead into the King's highway!"

Newman Hall preached the Gospel in simplicity. This was a marked characteristic of his utterance. With admirable appreciation of the needs of the "common people," he chose to talk in the language of the market people rather than in the tongue of the learned. Not that he was careless of his diction or speech—his English was as pure as a mountain stream—but his sermons were all marked by rare simplicity. He used many and effective illustrations, not giving incidents or anecdotes for their own sake, but in order to make some truth plainer or appeal more urgent. In his Autobiography he justifies this practice by relating how Dr. Guthrie, referring to his own very illustrative method of preaching, told him that when in his first parish he gathered the young people about him in a class and questioned them concerning the sermon, they always remembered the truth he had illustrated. "Therefore," said Dr. Guthrie (and Newman Hall indorsed it), "I determined that whenever I specially wished some lesson to be well remembered and stick, I would 'wing it;'" and added concerning the value of illustration: "By gratifying the imagination the truth finds its way more readily to the heart, and makes a deeper impression on the memory. The story, like a float, keeps it from sinking; like a nail, fastens it to the mind; like

the feathers of an arrow, makes it strike; and, like the barb, makes it stick." Newman Hall was not as picturesque as Guthrie, nor as ready with comparisons as Spurgeon, but he never failed to imbed his teachings in the hearts of his hearers by the judicious use of apt illustrations.

Newman Hall was catholic in speech and in life. Jacob Riis, in a tribute to the Methodist spirit which he recently wrote, related this of himself:

"We had a school-meeting some years ago in the little Long Island where I make my home, and I was the spokesman for the 'reform crowd.' In the opposition there was one to whom there came a sudden inspiration while I was speaking, and he arose to a question of privilege. 'May



THE LATE DR. NEWMAN HALL  
[Courtesy of *Boston Herald*.]

I ask,' he called out, 'to what church the speaker belongs?'

"What he hoped for I cannot tell. I could not then, but I thought he was entitled to a fair answer, and I gave it to him. 'By birth I was a Lutheran,' I said. 'I was converted a Methodist; some of you knew me when I was a deacon in the Congregational Church. I go to the Episcopal Church now where my wife and children go. Yesterday I was the guest of the Unitarian Club in Boston. Now how would you class me?'

"'Man,' said he, 'you are a heathen.'

"'No,' I replied, while the meeting shouted, 'I am not that, but perhaps I am the real original Universalist.'

Newman Hall was even more catholic than this. When in America he preached for Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and other denominations, almost without distinction. He found no difficulty in intercommunion. A Congregationalist in belief, he used the liturgy of the English Church in his services at Christ Church, and had a board of Presbyterian elders. Members of almost any denomination were free to become members and hold office. He preached in chapels, in halls, in the open air. He was equally at home in Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit, Dr. Cuyler's in Brooklyn, or the English Chapel in Jerusalem, which he occupied on the invitation of the Bishop of that diocese. He was a close friend of Dean Stanley and of Mr. Gladstone, both churchmen. The whole effort of his life was in the direction of Christian unity. The title of his first publication, which appeared in 1843, the first year of his pastorate, was "Christian Union." During his long

life he established relations with Christians of all denominations on this sure foundation: "The final Judge makes brotherhood with Himself the great test of conduct." It was not conformity to a ritual which he sought, but the union of all "by worship and by work," best expressed perhaps by that fine phrase of Stead, "The union of all who love in the service of all who suffer."

At an Evangelical Convention in 1870 he read the following sonnet, entitled, "The Church, One Garden," which beautifully illustrates both his teaching and spirit throughout his entire career:

"The garden of the Lord spreads far and wide;  
But not in one huge bed, unvaried, grow  
The trees which He has planted; fruits  
and flowers,  
The lily, rose and jasmine—fragrant bowers—  
In differing borders the same beauty show.  
Such varying forms true oneness cannot  
hide;  
They beautify the garden, not divide.  
We hedge and fence our favorite bed—but lo!  
Beyond the barrier, to reprove our pride,  
Are flowers as sweet and fair; the heaven-taught bees,  
Seeking the honey, scorn the fence; the  
breeze  
Incense from all alike to God doth blow;  
On all the beds He pours His showers divine,  
On all the garden makes His sun to  
shine."

Any other sentiment is unworthy of any Christian. There is no room in any denomination for either narrow sectarianism or prattling ecclesiasticism. Newman Hall was a splendid illustration of a right attitude towards religious truth and religious teachers.

He was a model preacher in this also—his master passion was for souls. His theology centered in Christ as universal Saviour; the fervent ejaculation of his love through all the years was, "Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation;" his unvarying habit in preaching was to urge men to be reconciled to God.

A little tract which he wrote early in his ministry, simple, as he says, but hot from his heart, bearing the significant title, "Come to Jesus," was translated into more than forty languages, and had the enormous circulation of over 4,000,000 copies. When the shadows of the evening of his life were gathering, he said: "However deficient otherwise, I have never preached during sixty years without endeavoring to answer the question—'What must I do to be saved?'" Many preachers are content to awaken the cry in the human heart; he not only aroused the consciences of men, but he also pointed unerringly to "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." He revealed the malady, made a proper diagnosis, and offered the remedy. Thousands followed his directions, and found peace.

Faithful to his divine commission to urge men to be holy, catholic in spirit, simple in speech and in habit of life, intensely evangelical, Newman Hall must be ranked among the few great preachers of England in the nineteenth century.

New York City.

## THE FAMILY

## MY QUIET ROOM

Lord Christ, Thou hadst Thy mountain-side  
For hours of secret prayer;  
When turmoi grieved and wearied Thee,  
Sweet solitude was there, —  
There, where God's shining ones came  
down  
To minister to Thee,  
There where Thy yearning eyes, upturned,  
Thy Father's worlds could see.  
I cannot flee to mountain heights  
When worldlings vex me sore,  
But mine to hide where humble saints  
Have sheltered oft before.  
To find Thee in my quiet room  
When I have shut the door.

Thy little boat put out to sea  
When curious throngs surged near;  
The wild waves cradled Thee in sleep,  
The wild winds woke no fear;  
Thy Father's birds wheeled overhead,  
His stars shone through the night —  
O little boat! Thou couldst not drift  
Beyond that Father's sight!  
No little boat puts out with me  
When throngs are hard to bear;  
But when night brings me glad release,  
With Thee I climb the stair,  
And, sheltered in my quiet room,  
Commune with Thee in prayer.

Lord Christ, Thou hadst the cross of death  
When sin's wild hate outburst,  
Thorns sharply crowned Thy kingly brow,  
Gall taunted Thy deep thirst;  
Buffet and spit and scorn for Thee  
Whose love was all Thy guilt —  
O hands that blessed! O tender heart!  
How was Thy life-blood spilt!  
Lord Christ, Thy follower has Thy toes,  
But never thorn nor tree;  
When persecution cruel grows,  
I slip away with Thee,  
And, shut within my quiet room,  
Rest in tranquillity.

Death did his all: he laid Thee low  
Within a deep-hewn grave;  
Angels were there — the old world knows  
That Thou dost live to save.  
Death waits for me, and I shall lie  
Under the dewy sod;  
Life's angels come to usher me  
Into the courts of God.  
Out of the grave to life supreme, —  
Just this for Thee and me,  
Out of that narrow room to find  
Where heaven's mansions be,  
Out of that darkened, quiet room,  
The lights of Home to see!

— ADA MELVILLE SHAW, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

The glory is not in the task, but in  
The doing it for Him.  
Jean Ingelow.

The spiritual body is but the Visibility of  
the soul. — Amiel.

To expect defeat is nine-tenths of a defeat  
itself. — F. Marion Crawford.

The secret of all care is a divided mind; the  
cure for all care is a mind wholly con-  
secrated to do God's will and wholly desirous  
to have God's will done. — Lyman Ab-  
bott.

"All of us are weighed down by super-  
fluities or worried to acquire them. Sim-  
plicity is making the journey of life with  
just baggage enough."

"I wonder why God made us," said Mrs. Faber, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know where was the use of making me." "Per-  
haps not much yet," replied Dorothy, "but then He hasn't made you; He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now and you don't like it." — George Macdonald.

We are not to think of heaven as at an  
infinite remove. It is very near to us. The

same laws of divine goodness prevail there as here. Heaven and earth are provinces of one blessed kingdom. The change is from the basement story where the heat and noise and dust of labor perplex and weary, to the lofty chambers which command the glorious sunset views and look away to the sun-rising, and are open to healthful winds and the song of birds. We are ourselves, it may be, on the stairway; we have been far up where it seemed as though a slight shock would burst open the door and let us through. — J. O. Means, D. D.

We must put the emphasis of living where God will make His tests of life. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" Interest yourself in the interesting, be entertained by the entertaining, be absorbed in the absorbing, but do not forget for one day that study, business, pains, pleasures, are only incidental. Loyalty to God is alone fundamental. Feelings, words, deeds, must be beads strung on the string of duty. Let the world tell you in a hundred ways what your life is for. Say you ever and only: "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O my God." Out of that dutiful root grows the beautiful life, the life radically and radiantly true to God — the only life that can be lived in both worlds. — MALTIE D. BABCOCK, D. D., in "Thoughts for Every-Day Living."

In the holy land lived a man called Eliab, whom God had blessed with earthly goods. He was also cunning in all the wisdom of the East. But all this could not bring peace to his heart; he was often full of sorrow and wished to die. Then a man of God came to him, and showed him an herb possessed of wonderful powers of healing; but Eliab said: "What is that to me? My body lacks not health; my soul is diseased. It were better for me to die." "The herb will do thy heart good," said the man of God. "Take it, and heal seven sick men and then thou mayest die if thou wilt." Eliab did as he was desired, and sought out misery in its abiding places. He healed seven sick people and succored the poor with his riches. Then the man of God came again to him and said, "Here is an herb of death; now thou mayest die." But Eliab cried: "God forbid! My soul longeth no more for death, for now I comprehend the meaning and use of life." — Krummacher.

Do you recall those days when the home was darkened by the absence of one who was its light? There were six weeks once that seemed eternity to me. It was night, and they woke me to say that *she had come!* It was a child's resurrection from the dead. Oh, the dear face that bent to mine! I feel its benediction after three-score years and more. Often in those years since, I have seen God's children waiting for the vision that should make them glad. I see them now every day, those tired, toil-worn, time-worn faces; they are on every street, in almost every home. Sometimes the sight is too much; a city street is a moving tragedy. They go, they go with weeping truly, weary and heavy-laden; life is harder than they knew; it beats like the billows on their tossing helplessness, it breaks in upon the happiest hours, the most sheltered homes, with cry and stress and woe. What could we do if we did not have the psalm of a personal trust: "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge in all generations!" How it soothes our spirits when we remember God's waiting and watching love! What a hovering, enrapturing presence is that bending over us in the night — "and God shall wipe away

all tears from all faces!" That is the supreme triumph of His personality. That assures me of my own personal immortality. That teaches me to believe and to testify that those whom we call dead are alive now. For they see God's face, and their faces shine back to ours with the ineffable glory. — Rollin A. Sawyer, D. D.

Life's highest, hardest lesson is trust, When we have learned that, blessed are we. Happiness comes when we have what pleases us, but blessedness — finer and deeper than happiness — comes when we rejoice in what we have, being confident that God's goodness is in it all. God never hangs a scarf of cloud up in the sky but He drapes it beautifully; God never strikes a harp amongst the fir trees with the fingers of the wind but He does so harmoniously; and a life — God never so places or tunes it but that beautiful and harmonious possibilities are there. Our lesson is to have eyes that see, and ears that hear, and a heart that understands this wonderful working of our God. — S. S. Times.

The key of yesterday  
I threw away,  
And now, too late,  
Before tomorrow's close-locked gate  
Helpless I stand — in vain to pray!  
In vain to sorrow!  
Only the key of yesterday  
Unlocks tomorrow!

— Priscilla Leonard.

"WHAT DOEST THOU HERE?"  
KATE S. GATES.

"WE had a firstrate sermon this morning," said Ruth, "and the text was, 'What doest thou here?' It doesn't sound remarkably impressive, but you could have heard a pin drop some of the time, and I know that I, for one, came to the conclusion that I wasn't doing much of anything worth mentioning. I've always had a sort of feeling that if I had only been somebody else, or in more favorable circumstances, I should have done wonders; but the minister said that was all a delusion. 'Things do not make life large,' he said, 'for men do large things in small places sometimes, and others do small things in large places.' He told a story of a little boy who went to church for the first time in a country church where they had the old-fashioned high pews. When he went home some one asked him what he did in church. 'Why, nothing,' he answered. 'I just went in a closet and sat on a shelf.' He was a type of a great many people; their environment is favorable, they might be doing large things — instead, they are sitting idly on a shelf.

"Some of us think that we are excused for our idleness because the duties that fall to us seem so trivial and unimportant. It will not matter, we say, whether they are done or not. But Wellington made every grenadier at Waterloo feel that *he* was the keystone of the resisting arch, and that if *he* gave way the arch would go down. That is the right way for every one to feel. We are *all* needed, and what seems trifling and insignificant may be of the utmost importance. The minister said he was walking on the street once, when suddenly a telegraph pole came crashing down without any warning, and with apparently no cause. But when they came to investigate, they found

that a pair of woodpeckers had cut their nest just where the pole broke. Who would have thought a little bird could cause a great pole like that to break? So, who knows how much we may accomplish if we set ourselves faithfully to work, and do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do!"

"There was a little lad once," said Aunt Margaret, softly, "who had five barley loaves and two small fishes — such a meagre little quantity, not worth mentioning when one thought of the five thousand hungry ones who were waiting to be fed. And yet when the Master blessed them, they were more than sufficient to feed the multitude. All had enough, and there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up! He stands ready to bless us and our endeavors now. Of ourselves we are weak and helpless, but with His blessing we are strong. Go in this thy might, my dear, and be sure that whatsoever you do will prosper."

Longmeadow, Mass.

#### In Days of Grief

THE husband she loved had fallen into his last sleep, and she turned away from the majestic mask of death to face the world without him. All the loneliness of the years to come seemed to concentrate and settle upon her in that moment. Before her stretched forbiddingly the bleak road of life; the pleasant years, the greenness and the flowers, lay behind. It required supreme courage to bear those moments that cut so deep into women's souls. But religion held its torch aloft, and memory painted its beautiful pictures, and kindly time bore her over the horrible days and weeks and months. Life pressed her forward, and it was merciful in its exactions and demands, though they seemed so hard. Duties crowded in to occupy her mind; the sympathy and love of friends were shown on every side. And at last there came the day when she asked herself how she had been able to endure and marveled that the worst had come and passed, and she had lived and worked on.

Was it her religion that sustained, she wondered — religion with its faith in immortality and its prayer for reunion? Undoubtedly religion gave her strength and hope, but there was something else as well. Was it the love or sympathy of friends? These things had helped, perhaps, but she could have gone forward without them. Little by little it came to her why she could face the world though he had gone. Deep in her heart nestled one thought that whispered its sweet reminder to her by his grave, and that had never failed her since, and this was it. In all the pages of their life together — those pages which she had so often turned since the last one was written — there was not one record of a duty undone, not one instance of her love or sympathy withheld. She had nothing with which to reproach herself! The most rigid examination, the most searching memory, brought forth none of the remorse and regret with which suffering women lash their souls beside the dead. She had loved well and long; she had shared both storm and sunshine serenely. She had done her duty, and infinitely more than her duty, and she found her reward in the darkest hours of her life, when memory came to her like a message from him and whispered, "Not a cloud in all those thirty-seven years."

That was her comfort, and it was also a beautiful lesson for those around her. For her deep religious feeling took the sting from death, and her clear conscience took

the sting from life! And these are the things that comfort — while we try vainly to help. — *Harper's Bazar.*

#### By the Waters of Galilee

The wind is low in the oleanders,  
Softly stirring the rosy sea;  
Out from the hill a rill meanders  
Down to the waters of Galilee.

A burning blazon of blue enamels  
The rainless heaven that arches o'er;  
And Druses drowse by their crouching  
camels.

Where meadows dip to the shingly shore.  
Crumbling walls that the hyssop clings to,  
Such is Magdala's glory now;  
And the only ear that the cuckoo sings to  
Is that of the mate on the carol bough.

The columned city that Herod fashioned,  
That glistened white in the noonday  
blaze,  
Naught is left of its past impassioned  
Save ghosts that wander its squalid ways.

Never a sail nor a galley oaring  
The shimmering reaches of liquid calm;  
Only a watchful vulture soaring  
Over the crest of a lonely palm.

But still the mountains, violet, vernal,  
And the brooding vales where the sheep-  
herds be,  
And the sun, in its equipoise eternal,  
Looking down upon Galilee.

And ever, to halo the desert places  
By the spell of the girdling silence bound,  
The haunting thought of the Face of faces,  
Of Him through whom this is holy  
ground.

— Clinton Scollard.

#### THE HUMAN TOUCH

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

AS the train drew out of the great station Sylvia suddenly pulled down her "cinder-veil." It was clumsy and disfiguring.

"I'm glad I brought it," Sylvia communed nervously with herself. "They all laughed, but I insisted. Cinder-veils are invaluable — they keep out other things beside cinders — heaven grant!"

On second thought she readjusted the veil so that two thicknesses crossed her face and effectually shut out its fairness. Her gloved fingers trembled at their task. "Who'd have thought?" ran along her thoughts incoherently. "And oh! — oh! — oh! this train runs express to Buffalo! If I'd only taken the sleeper, as mother urged. It's an all-night run to Buffalo!"

"Is this seat vacant?" an interrupting voice said in her ear. Sylvia started violently.

"Yes, oh, yes! — I mean no. I — it's engaged," she murmured behind the cinder-veil, though the seat indicated faced her, empty altogether.

"I beg your pardon," the voice exclaimed, stiffly, and the danger was over. Praise be to the cinder-veil!

The long night ride began. The car was uncomfortably full for sleeping accommodations, and Sylvia's useless seat weighed on her conscience. If somebody else had only wanted it — that little old lady with the parrot, or the two solemn children over there. But not to him — you could not have expected her to give it up to him.

A strange, dull ache began to throb within Sylvia's breast. It made acquaintance awkwardly with the sensation of security and happiness already in possession. The girl snuggled herself into the corner of one of her seats and gazed on steadily at a stalwart, gray-checked back ahead. Yes, it was the same coat — Sylvia caught her breath in something almost a sob. It was such a little while ago — two weeks is so short a time for healing processes to work. This night vigil bebind her friendly veil was opening the wound again. Must the healing begin all over?

"But I did right — I did right," persisted Sylvia's thoughts, stubbornly. "There was no half-way thing to do. I should do it again this minute." For a man who walked with his head in the clouds must not expect to win a woman who walked below, with the humble ones of earth. Let him write words that stir the universe, let his name dwell on men's lips, coupled with praise and honor — was that what a woman wanted? Would not one little touch of common human tenderness be more acceptable to her? To Sylvia Lawrence, anyway, and she had never seen that attribute in this man, Christopher Tring.

It grew perceptibly colder. People shivered and turned up their collars. The gray-checked collar went up. The little old lady wrapped a plaid shawl tenderly round her parrot-cage, and over where the solemn children sat, some kind hand had drawn the curtains closely. Then, by degrees, sleep settled uneasily on the swaying, lurching car. Sylvia dozed a little intermittently.

The cold grew piercing. Something appeared to be the matter with the steam pipes, as all the brakeman's endeavors to wring a little added heat from them were unavailing. The people fortunate enough to have wraps huddled into them, and others opened valises and bundles and brought out bizarre assortments of inappropriate garments. One might have laughed, if one had not wanted to cry. Sylvia hid herself in her warm cloak, and, a few seats ahead, the gray-checked shoulders disappeared in the luxurious folds of a great rug. The solemn little children cowered closer, and the tiniest one, a mere baby, sobbed gently against the other's arm. In a dim, drowsy way Sylvia was conscious of it, and pitied the children. It was ridiculous, wicked, for two such mites to be traveling alone at night! She drifted into sleep in the midst of her indignant thoughts.

Some time further into the night she woke again, and her eyes sought Christopher Tring's seat, from behind her thick warm veil. She missed the steamer rug. Another glance discovered it clumsily tucked about the older of the two solemn babies. Christopher Tring himself was pacing the aisle with steady, slow strides and in his great arms lay the tiniest one.

"Why!" breathed Sylvia, softly. She sat up straighter and slid along the seat a little. The gray-checked coat swung against her as it passed.

"He's singing lullabies to it," thought Sylvia, in great wonder. Christopher Tring — Kit — singing a little child to sleep! His big splendid head was not "in the clouds" now. Sylvia saw it

bend broodingly over the child. This was the touch of common human tenderness.

"But he will be cold," thought Sylvia, anxiously. "I am certain I saw him shiver. I'm going to bring the other child over here under my cloak and then he will take back his rug."

She waited till he was far up the aisle. When he swung about and came tramping back she had the older child sheltered warmly in her own wrap, and his lay over the back of his seat. He did not appear to notice, but tramped on, crooning under his breath. Ten minutes—fifteen—went by. Sylvia's anxiety increased. He would surely freeze, and how tired his great, kind arms must be! She could bear it no longer.

"Lay the baby here," she said clearly, as he passed her. "I can keep it very warm, and—and you must be tired and frozen." She was holding out her arms, and without a word he dropped the sleeping child into them. Then he went back to his seat and Sylvia dozed with the little ones. She did not know how long it was before she woke, with a delicious sensation of comfort and warmth. In her dreams she had been somewhere in a warm, beautiful place with Christopher Tring, and she had called him Kit again. There had never been a parting—in the dream.

"Kit!" cried Sylvia, softly. She might have waked herself with the sound, for her eyes flew open. The two warm little bodies lay against her, and over them all luxuriously was the big steamer rug. Some one faced her, in her empty seat.

"Yes, Sylvia, did you call?"

"Oh, oh—Kit," she sobbed.

"Is there any trouble? Are you cold? What is it, Sylvia?"

"Oh, nothing—not one thing, only I'm so—so warm and comfortable, I can't help crying! And it's so good to be taken care of—and you must be so cold—and—"

He leaned toward her suddenly, and laid his big cold hand on the tiniest one's shabby little skirts, and smoothed them gently. Through the double folds of the cinder-veil Sylvia could see the wistfulness in his face.

"Sylvia, was it a mistake?" he said, quietly. "Can we it do over again now? Can we, Sylvia?"

"Oh—yes."

"And you will not say what you did before?"

"Oh—no."

"Sylvia—little girl"—his voice lost its steadiness—"you will say 'yes'—this time? Will you, Sylvia?"

"Oh—oh—yes," sobbed Sylvia behind her veil. And then with his big gentle fingers he pulled the veil away. Henceforth no flimsy tissue could separate them.

It was daylight, and the lamps flickered palely. The little old woman's parrot waked up and called stridently and out of tune. The solemn babies opened their wide, grave eyes.

"But, Kit, I don't see how you knew me behind my cinder-veil," Sylvia questioned, curiously.

He laughed out boyishly—it was so easy to laugh—and raised astonished hands.

"Hear her!" he cried softly in her ear.

"She thinks a 'cinder-veil' can shut out love!"

*Kent's Hill, Me.*

### MISS PRISSY'S PERCEIVINGS

"THERE'S nothin' I'm fonder of than young folks," said Miss Prissy, looking out of the window, as she sewed, at the knot of girls going home from school. "There ain't anything nicer than a nice boy or girl, to my mind. But lately, seems to me, I've been perceivin' some things about some of the young folks in this town that are kinder disappointin'. P'raps I'm old-fashioned, 'nd it's progress that I'm runnin' against; but it does look to me ez if there wuz too much ambition in the boys 'nd girls nowadays to go ahead all by themselves, without thinkin' of any one else.

"For instance, there's Fred Downs. Deacon Downs is gettin' on in years, 'nd Mis' Downs never was rugged in her health, poor soul! Theirs aint much of a farm, 'nd nothin' but hard work hez ever made it pay. They hev'n't made Fred work hard, though, because they wanted to give him the best 'nd most of schoolin' they could afford. 'Nd now Fred, bein' sixteen, hez set his mind on goin' to college. He sez that he wants to get to the top, 'nd make the family name famous. It's kinder staggered the Deacon, fer he counted on Fred's turnin' in to help on the farm this fall, 'nd bein' a comfort to 'em both from now on. Besides, it's goin' to take quite a little to send Fred to college, even if he partly works his way—'nd on that side of it, I notice, Fred ain't so strong ez he is on tame.

"I hev never perceived, myself, that a family name is of ez much consequence ez the family itself. Deacon 'nd Mis' Downs is all the family Fred hez got, 'nd ez fer the name, they're Downses ez much ez he is. It's better, I guess, to make two Downses comfortable 'nd happy in their old age than to make one Downs a college graduate. 'Nd if Fred reely wants an eddication—not for fame, but for use—he kin get one at home jest ez well ez at college, 'nd better. There ain't any college that I know of that teaches a boy grit, 'nd stickin' straight to duty, 'nd puttin' others before himself; 'nd that course of study is what Fred needs more'n Latin 'nd Greek, ez far ez I kin perceive. 'Nd if he's got true ambitions in him he'll reach 'em, sooner or later. Duty never yet, that I heerd of, made a man smaller 'nd weaker in the doin' of it. Ef Fred can't make the name of Downs famous without a college eddication, I can't perceive, myself, how he's goin' to make it so with one.

"But I don't suppose Fred'll ever think my way 'bout it. Anyhow, Deacon an' Mis' Downs is strainin' every nerve to send him this fall. I doubt if both of 'em'll be alive by the time he graduates—but then, think of the name of Downs bein' famous, even if it's only on their tombstones!"

"Then there's Julia and Joanna Barnes, both bound and bent 'nd determined to do somethin' worth doin' in the world. Julia wants to be a doctor, 'nd Joanna hezn't settled on her vocation yet, but it's somethin' that requires her to go to Boston or New York, anyway. Joshway Barnes's wife is dead, 'nd he looked for the girls to make a home fer him 'nd the two little boys. But Julia 'nd Joanna hev no such idees—no, indeed! Julia thinks that to be a doctor is a noble thing, fer she can relieve sufferin' humanity. Joanna hez notions of bein' a kindergarten teacher, p'raps, 'nd uplifitin' the children of the slums; 'nd Joanna loves to talk about the slums 'nd their horrors. But I can't perceive, my-

self, why Joshway Barnes 'nd the boys ain't ez human ez anybody else, 'nd they'll certainly suffer et Julia leaves 'em fer sufferin' humanity that ain't no kin to her at all. 'Nd there's plenty of boys from this place that hev gone to the bad from want of lovin' care, 'nd hev drifted to the cities to help make the slums that Joanna talks about. There's sisterly ambitions ez well ez other kinds, 'nd I like 'em better, myself.

"Truth is, some ambitions spell selfishness, 'nd ain't ez high as they look. Ef you're ambitious, the best ain't any too much fer yer to be ambitious fer. 'Nd ambition fer things that cut across duty 'nd faithfulness 'nd unselfish service can't be ambition fer the best, after all. I read some verses once, somethin' about a village graveyard, where the poet felt bad because some folks might be lyin' there who could hev been great ef they hed hed the chance. He said that 'some mute, inglorious Milton' might be buried there, or somethin' like that. Well, 'taint likely, but ef it wuz, the world don't really need mor'n one Milton at a time, 'nd kin spare the rest to do their duty where God put 'em—Julia 'nd Joanna, 'nd Fred Downs, 'nd all," and Miss Prissy's lips set themselves emphatically as she finished. —HELEN ROSS LAIRD, in *Wellspring*.

### A Belated Discovery

MRS. NORTON came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. She lost no time in beginning her explanation.

"John," she said to her husband, "I am so mortified I don't know what to do!"

"What is the matter, Joanna?" asked Mr. Norton.

"I have just been calling on Mrs. Pevill. You know her husband, Major Pevill?"

"Yes."

"Well, I just learned today that 'Major' isn't his title at all. 'Major' is his first name."

"Why, certainly. I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Norton with a groan, "only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last ten years!" —*Youth's Companion*.

### The Disappearance of the Parlor

AND is it true? Is the parlor doomed? Must it give way to the living-room? That apartment cannot make good the loss of the other. Who does not remember the darkened glories of the old-fashioned parlor, which was seen at its best in the middle-sized town, village and country? Shut up the week through, sometimes nearly the year through, with blinds closed tight and lace curtains tied primly back; with its haircloth-seated chairs set in a line against the wall; a "rocker" ready to gallop in one corner, and a what-not in the other, ornamented with rice baskets, praying Samuels, and family daguerreotypes and photographs; a center-table set exactly in the middle of the room with a few handsome books and the large family Bible, the mantelpiece with vases filled with crystallized grasses at either end, and odds and ends of strange things filling up the rest of the space—who among the elder generation does not know it well? It was a room to be venerated.

And now—one sadly recognizes it to be, indeed, a thing of the past. Instead, there is the living-room, that actually is a living-room, where the baby's perambulator

stands near the piano, where the work-basket is on a convenient table (no one ever saw a work-basket in a parlor); where there are plants, and a writing desk; where the sun pours in as much as it may. It is indeed a living-room. If one has space, there is a reception-room, to be sure, but every one understands that amounts to little — the caller and the friend are shown into the living-room. To a person used to a parlor, no matter how long ago, a call in a living-room hardly seems like the solemn function it used to be.

Very likely the change is for the better, but it is a revolution. The respectable poor used to stint themselves to maintain a decent parlor; now in model villages' model tenements they have lost this privilege. Take, for instance, Bournville, in England, the home of the Cadburys' great cocoa works. This is known as an ideal village. Some 370 houses have been built for employees, and not a parlor in the 370. Instead of that, each family has a large, sunny, commodious living-room, and they make the best of it. — *Springfield Republican*.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

### THE MATTER WITH MARCH

EMMA C. DOWD.

"Old Jan. has a holiday! Feb. has one too!"

I think it's an outrage — I do! I do!" Thus March once grumbled, so wise people say,

Because he hadn't a holiday.

And he stormed and he blew and he howled — yes, he did — Though Father Time scolded and Mother Year chid; And ever since then he's been mad as could be — And that's what's the matter with March, you see.

Meriden, Conn.

### POLLY'S TANTRUM

POLLY was a pretty green parrot with red wings and yellow head. Susie was a pretty little girl with blue eyes and dainty aprons that were very clean when she had not been making mud pies.

Polly had come to Susie's house while her mistress was away on a visit. Susie thought Polly very funny, she could do so many things. She would laugh in a man's voice, and then in a woman's voice, cry like a baby, whistle, and scream out, "Polly wants a cracker!"

I am sorry to say that Susie did not always behave well when she could not have her own way. Sometimes she would kick and scream, and her mother, Mrs. Benton, would have to shut her up in the closet. When Mrs. Benton was not at home, Jane would try to quiet her by giving her something to divert her. Polly looked on and listened. One day when the house was very still, suddenly there was a tremendous noise from Polly's cage — scream after scream. Susie's mother thought surely the parrot was being killed. She rushed into the dining-room. There, on her back, in the bottom of the cage, lay Polly, kicking and screaming and behaving just as Susie did in one of her tantrums. When she saw Mrs. Benton, she screamed harder than ever. Then she laughed, "Ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Benton was very much ashamed, and covered the cage with a black cloth. Then Polly kept still, but she had another tantrum the next day, and the next. She seemed to think it was very funny. But Susie and her mother did not think it funny at all.

"Do I act like that, mamma?" said Susie, with a very red face, and Mrs. Benton had to say "Yes." Thus, for the first time, it came into the little girl's mind what a shameful way it was to behave, and she really resolved to be good. Now, when she feels the tantrum coming, she makes haste to drive it away, for, she says: "Polly is littler than I, and I mustn't teach her bad things."

And so Polly's bad behavior did a great deal of good. — *Selected*.

### THE YOUNG MAIL CARRIER

GEORGE E. WALSH.

"UNCLE SAM'S mail can't be delayed. It must go through. Clear the way!"

Warren flung himself on his sled, and went rushing down the steep hill at a rate that almost took his breath away.

"Guess it couldn't go much faster than that by the regular express," he said as he reached the end.

Then, in a rueful voice: "My, but I've lost some of it! Oh, dear! The letters are scattered all along the hill."

There were bright red postage stamps gleaming in the snow to mark the presence of letters. Warren went back and picked them up — one, two, three, four, five, six. How many did he have before he started? He stopped to think.

"Mother gave me two, and auntie — how many? I didn't notice, I was so interested in playing with the sled. Well, I'll go on to the post-office with them."

But he was quieter as he walked along, and only once attempted to run and slide on his sled.

"I suppose I didn't pay much attention to mother and auntie when they gave me the letters," he was reflecting aloud. "But I was so busy playing."

He took good care to hold the letters tightly in his hands and to mail them himself. Then he said in a relieved voice, "Well, I caught the mail train, and auntie said she didn't think I would have time. That's one good thing."

Hurrying home he entered the house with his cheeks all ablaze with excitement and health. He had found the trip one of pleasure, and his sled had proved a companion of the greatest value.

"Did you mail the letters?" asked his mother when he entered the house.

"Yes, mother, and I caught the mail train. I just whizzed down the hills. I played I was a regular mail train, and I didn't stop for anything."

"And you had all your letters?"

"Why, of course," replied Warren, flushing a little as he remembered his mishap.

There was a look in his mother's eyes that confused him; also he saw it reflected in his aunt's.

"I — that is, I think I did. How many did you give me?"

"How many did you take? A good mail-carrier never goes off without knowing what he takes."

"I didn't count them," confessed Warren.

"No, you didn't count them, nor did you hear what we said, if you think you mailed them all," said his mother slowly.

Then holding a letter in her hand toward him she continued: "This was picked up on the hill by Mr. Surdam. He happened to know my sister's name, and he returned it to me."

Warren turned red, and then confessed: "I had an accident on the hill, and lost the letters, but I returned and thought I picked them all up."

"That's it, Warren, you thought you found them all, but you were not sure. You did not listen to us when we told you to mail them — seven in all. It is your old failing, lack of attention when others are giving you orders. Now you see the trouble you have caused us."

"But I'll go right down again to the post-office."

"That will do no good. The mail train has gone."

"But there is another in a few hours, and I'll catch that," added Warren.

"No, that will not do. The letter happened to be the one to my sister, and I invited her up with Willie to spend tomorrow with you. She can't get it in time now. It may be that the punishment will be worth more to you after all than the holiday with your cousin."

Warren reflected deeply on these words that afternoon, and reached the conclusion after all that to be a successful mail-carrier one had to be attentive to business as well as a quick traveler, and incidentally he knew that he would try to make the lesson a profitable one in correcting his peculiar fault of inattention when receiving orders.

New York City.

### Children's Sayings

— Mamma (to Walter who has just returned from his first experience with a fishing rod): "What, back so soon?"

Walter: "Yes'm. I thought I'd come home. The worms were so nervous I couldn't get 'em on the hook."

— A bright little girl asked one morning at the breakfast table: "Mamma, is hash animal or vegetable?"

"Animal, my dear," replied mamma.

"Then," cried the little one, triumphantly, holding up a tiny bone, "here's the hash's tooth!"

— A little fellow who had his wits about him when the collection was passed around, administered a rebuke to his mother, who, on the way home, was finding fault with the sermon. "Well, mother," he said, innocently, "what could you expect for a penny?"

— An embryo capitalist spoke up and said: "Johnny found a nickel in his clothes, and he and Jimmie and I bought a glass of soda water with it and we had three straws in the glass, and all drank at once."

"And which got the most?" asked his mother.

"Jimmy and me did," replied the E. C.

"How was that?"

"Why, Johnny, he stopped to breathe."

— "Molly, I wish you would be a better little girl," said an Austin father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you all the time."

"Don't worry about it, pa," was the reply of the little angel. "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

— Prof. Greenwood recently visited the Attucks school, and talked on adverbs and adjectives. "Does Prof. Bowser use adverbs and adjectives, children?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," chorused the little negroes.

"Well, what does he use when he does not use adverbs and adjectives?"

There was a silence. Finally a very black little fellow waved his hand. "He generally uses a ruler."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## First Quarter Lesson XI

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1902.

ACTS 8:29-39.

[Study verses 26-40. Read Isa. 53.]

## THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERTED

## I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.* — Rom. 10:10.

2. DATE: A. D. 35-37; summer.

3. PLACE: The desert region, southwest of Jerusalem, near Gaza.

4. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — Acts 8:26-40. *Tuesday* — Isa. 53. *Wednesday* — Psa. 68:28-35. *Thursday* — Psa. 119:9-24. *Friday* — 1 Pet. 1:1-12. *Saturday* — Matt. 8:7-17. *Sunday* — Rom. 6:1-11.

## II Introductory

Philip's work was not confined to Samaria. In obedience to a specific divine direction he went to the great highway leading from Jerusalem to Gaza through the southwestern desert. There he encountered another traveler on the same road, an Ethiopian eunuch, a high official, the treasurer of Queen Candace, who ruled the great monarchy in the south of Egypt whose capital was at Meroe. This official was riding in his chariot on his return from the Holy City, which he had visited for purposes of worship, and was occupying his time in studying, in the Septuagint version, a portion of Isaiah's prophecy. Prompted by an immediate suggestion of the Spirit, Philip hastened to the chariot, and on hearing the words which the official was at that moment reading aloud, he inquired of him if he understood their import. The eunuch confessed his need of an interpreter and invited the evangelist to take a seat by his side. The Scripture which perplexed him was that pathetic prophecy of the Messiah being "led as a sheep to the slaughter." To whom do these words refer? he inquired. Was it Isaiah who was thus inhumanly put to death, or was it some other future and greater person? Taking the prophecy as a text Philip "preached unto him Jesus."

So convincingly did Philip interpret the great scheme of prophecy, and so cogent were his proofs that Jesus was the promised Messiah, that his devout listener yielded a hearty assent to the truth; and on reaching a pool of water by the roadside, he requested Philip to baptize him in his new faith. Without feeling, or at least heeding, any of the mental scruples which would have made Peter or James hesitate under such circumstances, Philip complied and administered the rite. "The law of Deuteronomy," says Farrar, "forbade him to become a member of the Jewish Church, but Philip admitted him into that Christian communion in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither male nor female, neither bond nor free."

The baptism over, Philip suddenly disappeared — was miraculously conveyed away — so that the eunuch found himself unaccountably separated from his providential teacher and minister. He did not attempt to search for him, but proceeded

on his way "rejoicing" in his new sense of acceptance and salvation. Philip found himself at Azotus (Ashdod), and starting thence preached the glad tidings along the coast as far north as Cæsarea.

## III Expository

26. The (R. V., "an") angel of the Lord.

— The language here is not figurative; it refers not to an inward impulse, nor to a vision or a dream. Angels were visibly manifested in the early days of the church. Alford and Meyer maintain that "Luke narrates an actual angelic appearance that spoke literally to Philip." *Spake unto Philip* — while he was in Samaria. *Unto the way that goeth down.* — Three principal roads led to Gaza; the southern passed through Eleutheropolis, and seems to fit the conditions of the narrative. On this comparatively unfrequented road Philip would find the eunuch. *Which is (R. V., "the same is") desert* — thinly settled.

The close providential guidance here shown characterizes all of God's dealings with all of His children. He takes just as minute personal care of you and me as He did of Philip, and guides us as safely. The only difference is that in this case we are permitted to see what may be called the machinery. The story suggests that there may be good work for us to do in very unlikely places. No one who follows the lead of Providence will find himself useless (Hurlbut).

27. *Arose and went* — a fine illustration of unquestioning obedience. *Ethiopia* — the wealthy district south of Egypt, the Hebrew "Cush," the modern Nubia, Sennar, and part of Abyssinia. *A eunuch of great authority.* — Says Whedon: "The word etymologically means a 'couch keeper' or 'chamberlain,' and designates a class of mutilated men who are in the East employed to guard the harems. But as in the palaces of princes such persons often gained the personal confidence of the despot and became his chief adviser, so the very word 'eunuch' was often used of officers of state who belonged not to this injured class. Yet the Greek for 'of great authority,' a dynast or potentate, seems to express the official power, and leaves the term 'eunuch' to its natural meaning." *Candace* — a royal or dynastic title, like Pharaoh or Cæsar, rather than a proper name. Queens ruled for centuries at Meroe,

the fertile island in the south of Egypt formed by two branches of the Nile. *Who had the charge of all* (R. V., "who was over all") *her treasure* — her lord high treasurer. *Come to Jerusalem . . . worship* — a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. Ethiopia had probably been permeated with Hebrew ideas by traveling Jews. Tradition gives to this man the name of Indich and makes him the first evangelist of his country. Another Ethiopian eunuch, also "a king's servant," Ebed-Melech, is mentioned in Jeremiah (38:7; 39:16).

28-31. *Was returning.* — He had doubtless heard about Stephen's martyrdom, and about Jesus and His claims, and Pentecost and the rising church. *Was reading Esaias the prophet* (R. V., "the prophet Isaiah") — not simply because the rabbis prescribed the study of the Scriptures for those traveling without a companion, but because he was deeply interested and touched by Isaiah's tender prediction. Orientals commonly read aloud. His version, as appears from the quotation, was the Greek, or Septuagint, well known at that time in Egypt. *The Spirit said* — an inward and unmistakable direction of the Spirit. *Join thyself* — or "attach thyself." "Don't leave this chariot until released by Me." *Philip ran.* — Notice the alacrity of his obedience. *Understandest thou?* — In the Greek the play upon the words in this question does not appear in the English. Whedon suggests this parallel: "Heedest what thou readest?" This bright way of putting it was meant by Philip "to arouse the mind through the ear." *How can I?* — Notice the eunuch's docility and earnestness and humility. *Desired Philip that he would come up* (R. V., "besought Philip to come up"). — He does not stand upon dignity. The truth is so dear to him that its interpreter is gladly invited to share his state and seat.

In 1832 four Indians of the Flathead tribe, living on the Pacific coast, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and, traversing three thousand miles of intervening wilderness, appeared at St. Louis. They had been sent by their nation to inquire about the white man's God and the book that revealed Him, of both of which they had heard from a trapper and hunter who had witnessed some of their pagan rites, and told them that they were wrong in their worship, and that far to the East the white man had a book that

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revealed the true God. Two of the Indians, worn out with the long journey, died in St. Louis. The zeal of these Indians aroused so much interest that a mission was at once organized to send the Gospel beyond the Rocky Mountains (Dr. J. M. Reid).

32, 33. **The place of the Scripture.**— Some commentators understand this to refer to one of the fifty-four "sections" into which the Prophets were divided for reading in the public service, after Antiochus forbade the Law to be read; Meyer and others contend that simply the "passage," not the "section," is referred to. **Led as a sheep to the slaughter, etc.**—unmistakably fulfilled by Christ in His non-resistance, patience, silence and submission to a sacrificial death. **In his humiliation his judgment was taken away.**— "In the contempt, violence, outrage, which He suffered, the rights of justice and humanity were withheld from Him" (Hackett). He was not allowed a fair trial. Says Gloag: "Jesus appeared in a form so humble, a man so poor and insignificant, that Pilate, though convinced of His innocence, thought it not worth while to hazard anything to preserve His life." **Who shall declare his generation?** (R. V., "his generation who shall declare?")—variously interpreted to mean, "Who shall declare His spiritual posterity?" (Meyer.) "Who shall describe the wickedness of His generation, or contemporaries?" (Lumby, Altord, Renall, De Wette and others.) "Who shall declare His ineffable generation as the Everlasting Son of the Father?" (Schaff.) "Who will care to bestow thought on a career so prematurely cut short?" (R. Payne Smith.) **His life is taken**—language indicating a violent death.

34, 35. **Of whom speaketh the prophet?**—Here was the kernel of his difficulty, and Philip's opportunity. **Opened his mouth**—indicating that he was about to say something weighty and impressive. **Preached unto him Jesus**—from the Messianic text of the prophecy. Philip doubtless told of Jesus' death, His treatment under indignities, His previous life, His resurrection and ascension, the perfect accord of prophecy with these events, and the condition of faith and baptism demanded of those who would be His followers.

36-38. **Unto a certain water.**—Early Christian tradition (Eusebius and Jerome) locate this pool of water at Beth-sur, about twenty miles south of Jerusalem, near Hebron; but there can be no certainty as to the site. **See** (R. V., "behold"), **here is water**—a graphic touch. The very sight of water reminded him of the initiatory rite. **What doth hinder?**—Says Bengel: "Faith within and water without were ready." The evangelist had doubtless instructed the eunuch as to the necessity of baptism. **Philip said, if thou believest, etc.**—This verse is totally omitted in the Revised Version. But though regarded by the best critics as an interpolation, it is as old as the time of Ireneus, who quotes it. Meyer suggests that it was taken from a primitive baptismal liturgy. It certainly could not be rejected from the text for untruthfulness. Philip would require faith, and the eunuch would doubtless declare his belief that "Jesus Christ is the Son of God." **Both went down.**—The eunuch doubtless had a retinue who would be interested in the proceedings. **Baptized him**—by what method we are not told, and it is of but little consequence.

39, 40. **Caught away Philip**—a clearly supernatural removal. The Greek word is the same as that employed by St. Paul in speaking of his being "caught up to the third heaven" (2 Cor. 12:2-4). For similar cases see 1 Kings 18:12; 2 Kings 2:11.

**Saw him no more.**— "He no more saw, nor cared to see, Philip, by reason of joy. He who has obtained the Scripture and Christ can now dispense with a human guide" (Bengel). **Philip was found at Azotus**—or Ashdod, a Philistine city, about midway between Gaza and Joppa, and about sixty miles west of Jerusalem.

#### IV Inferential

1. Ministers are sometimes sent on obscure errands.
2. God cares for individuals. Single souls are precious. "Every man's life is a plan of God."
3. God's Word is the best book for the traveler. Spare moments on journeys are well spent in pondering truth.
4. Light sometimes comes to the perplexed inquirer from unexpected sources. We should not throw the Bible aside because we do not understand it. Messengers of illumination may be on our way.

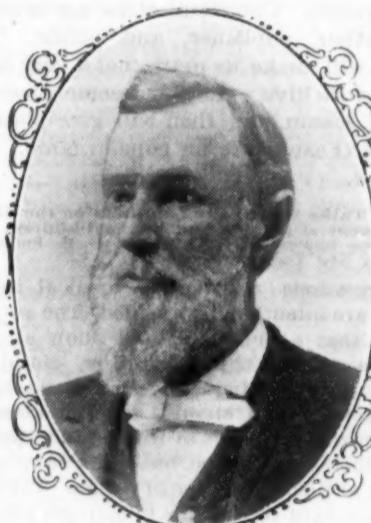
#### V Illustrative

**Conversion of Augustine.**—In the spring of the year 372, a young man in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered into his garden near Milan. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in

impiety and sensuality—weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighboring house a young voice saying, *Tolle, lege, tolle, lege!* "Take, read, take, read!" Receiving this as a divine admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alypius to procure the roll of St. Paul's Epistles, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," said he; "I opened it and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first lighted." It was the thirteenth of Romans: "Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." All was decided by a word. "I did not want to read any more," said he; "nor was there any need; every doubt was banished." The Morning Star had risen in his heart. In the language of Gasson: "Jesus had conquered, and the grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the Fathers, then commenced. A passage of God's Word had kindled that glorious luminary which was to enlighten the church for ten centuries, and whose beam gladdens her even to this present day. After thirty-one years of revolt, of combats, of falls, of misery, faith, life, eternal peace came to this erring soul; a new day, an eternal day, came upon it" (Biblical Museum).

## DOCTORS ENDORSE SWAMP-ROOT

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A. J. HAILE, M. D.

East Atlanta, Ga., March 1, 1901.

DR. KILMER & CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—While it has never been my habit or inclination to recommend remedies the

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We often see a relative, a friend, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery; Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in ZION'S HERALD.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

## OUR BOOK TABLE

Audrey \*

WHAT are the prime elements of a popular novel at the beginning of the twentieth century? There must be an attractive historical setting that shall give the reader a close acquaintance with some interesting period of the past; there must be plenty of love-making, not running too smooth, in which fair women and brave men shall show their hearts and find their fates; there must be a spice of adventure and danger not wrought out two harrowingly, for we do not want our feelings tortured over much; if to these be added a touch of humor here and there, some skillful analysis of motive, a few vigorous original characters, and if the sentences be smooth, the descriptions of scenery picturesque, the moral coloring correct, there is every probability that the heart of author and publisher will be made glad by the proceeds of the venture.

It is one thing, of course, to give the recipe, and quite another thing to do the work. Miss Johnston has certainly done it. This, her third Virginian romance, will be rated, in some respects at least, as her best. There is not so much swift action and blood-curdling peril as in the others, but there is a more careful study of character and better development of soul. The heroine especially, whose name the book takes, is vital and fascinating and maintains to the last a firm hold on the sympathies of the reader. An orphan is Audrey, whose pioneer parents are killed by the Indians in the second chapter. She is consigned by her rescuer to the care of the incumbent of the parish, a disgrace to his cloth, and her bringing up is left almost wholly to nature. She grows into young womanhood beautiful and innocent, tutored by the forests and the flowers, the mountains and the river. Her opening mind is entered by love and her sombre life made radiant for a season by this angel visitant, though she knows not the name of the guest whom she ignorantly cherishes. She awakes from her blissful dream to find dark night around her and fierce wolves bent on making her their prey. It is a tragedy.

There is much suffering in the book. How could it be otherwise and be true to life, especially life in the Virginia of 1727, where wild passions had not much restraint and ameliorating influences were few? There were stately mansions on the banks of the James, great estates like Westover and Fairview where lordly planters ruled in lavish luxury; there was the lively little capital of Williamsburg where petty magnates donned what style they could and aped the manners of London; but there were also thousands of slaves, and many white indentured bondmen sent as prisoners from England to toil on the plantations, and rascals of all sorts and colors who did pretty much as they pleased. The heaviest suffering, as so often happens, seems to come in the book to the least culpable. Yet there are compensations, the lights and shades are well drawn, good and evil are skillfully mingled in the make-up of the principal per-

sonages, vice gets its due on the whole, and virtue has its reward to some extent; although matters are not absolutely evened to outward appearance in the immediate issue. Could they be without unseemly violence to the demands of truth?

In addition to the main love story, whose complications and convolutions are excellently managed, there is a beautiful side narrative of simple affection whose stream meets not so many obstructions, wherein figure a modest Quaker maiden and a Scotchman, Angus MacLean, who strikes us as being by all odds the most interesting of the men of the book. A chieftain's son, taken prisoner in the Preston fight and sent to Virginia as white slave for a term of years, he becomes store-keeper to the planter Howard, his mortal foe for a while, and then his friend. He is both strong and lovable, with many elements of real nobility.

This is not a novel with a purpose, nor is there any particular religious touch or tone. Beyond giving a good conception of the old plantation life and the colonial *régime* when George I. was king and George II. was just coming to the throne, there is no particular profit to be gathered from its perusal other than comes from a fair presentation of human experience such as always has a charm. The story moves right swiftly forward and enchains attention from start to finish. The style is without fault, easy, natural, flowing, and at times elegant. The illustrations are the result of a new process which marks the latest advance in the art of color printing and prove a decided addition as well as innovation. Congratulations are in order to author, publisher, and public. The book will make its mark (not a very deep one), will give some wholesome pleasure for a season, and then will give place to the next candidate for popular fame. *Sic transit.*

**Short Talks with Young Mothers on the Management of Infants and Young Children.** By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London.

Suggestions relating to medical treatment are intentionally avoided. The author holds that a mother should know all the details of the child's feeding, clothing, bathing and airing, and what to do in an emergency. She should also be able to recognize symptoms of illness and appreciate their significance, but is not supposed to be skilled in the use of drugs. The supreme aim of the book is to help the young mother to a closer acquaintance with, and a more intelligent appreciation of, the nature and demands of the little life entrusted to her care, leaving to specialists such matters as do not come within this classification.

**The New Hearthstone.** A Bridal Greeting. By John Fletcher Hurst. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, \$1.

Here is something that will be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever" to the happy bridal couple that receives it. It will also be greatly appreciated by clergymen who wish to discard the conventional certificate on wedding occasions. The greeting contains the Methodist Episcopal form for the solemnization of matrimony, a certificate of marriage, blank pages for the names of witnesses and guests, and an elegantly worded address of twenty-eight pages touching upon the felicities of home life. The mechanical work is superb. Highly finished paper of a heavy grade is used, the type is of fine face, large and clear, and each page is embellished with beautiful floral designs in a delicate tint. The cover

is pure white and the lettering in gold. The cover-design, which is also in gold, shows an open fire-place with a fire blazing beneath a kettle, a candle in an old-fashioned holder on the mantel, and a spinning-wheel in the foreground.

**Protestant Principles.** By J. Monro Gibson, D. D. A. C. Armstrong & Son: New York.

Dr. Gibson undertakes to exhibit in a systematic form the chief principles held by evangelical Protestants. This naturally brings him into conflict with the sacerdotal system, which is more keenly felt in England, perhaps, than in the United States. The book is in the "Christian Study Manual" series by the Armstrongs. It will serve a good purpose in indicating some of the principal doctrines upon which evangelical Christians can agree.

**How to Attract and Hold an Audience.** By J. Berg Esenwein, A. M., Lit. D., Professor of the English Language and Literature in Pennsylvania Military College. Hinds & Noble: New York. Price, \$1.

We heartily wish every preacher who has not had the advantages of special training in public speaking could read and assimilate the excellent suggestions made in this book. It is broad, scholarly and critical, and at the same time fresh and invigorating. The most commendable feature about it, perhaps, is the light it turns upon the specific details of the preparation and delivery of sermons, addresses, lectures, etc. It enables the student to see himself as if in a mirror and recognize his defects and their cause at once. This prompt recognition of faults and shortcomings intensifies the effect of the directions for their eradication and the development of latent qualities and powers. If you are engaged in the business of public speaking (this means preaching), and wish to increase your power and usefulness, get the book at once and read it through from lid to lid, and then keep it within easy reach for frequent reference.

**The Living Age.** Seventh Series, Vol. XIII, Oct. Dec., 1901. The Living Age Co.: Boston. Price, \$2.50.

There is a rare flavor about this publication. It bears evidence of extended re-

## ANY ONE CAN

## Prove the Value of Scientific Food

A good straightforward test of food is worth much to humanity. The following is interesting:

Mr. T. K. Durbarow of Greenfield, Ohio, says: "After 3 months' sickness with grip I found I had lost 42 pounds, with little appetite and almost no digestion. Wife finally put me on Grape-Nuts and I actually lived on this food, taking it three times a day, and a cup of Postum Coffee at each meal for about four weeks.

"When I began I was so nervous and weak that my strength was exhausted even by dressing, and, of course, I was unable to do the work loaded upon my desk, but I hammered away without any tonics or medicines, only my diet of Grape-Nuts and Postum three times a day. I found at the end of 23 days my nervousness gone, strength greatly increased, and that I had gained 16 pounds.

"Finally, after getting back to good health again I, of course, took on different kinds of food, and, as a change, began using — for breakfast. After a while some peculiar spells began to appear in the morning with deathly sickness and nervous lassitude. I took treatment for biliousness, but that did not avail.

About a month ago I gave up the — for breakfast and took on Grape-Nuts again. These morning attacks left me entirely in a day or two and I feel that I have had sufficient evidence of the scientific value of Grape-Nuts as a vitalizing, perfect food, that does not require the heavy work of the stomach occasioned by the use of starchy foods we use so much nowadays."

\* **AUDREY.** By Mary Johnston. Six colored illustrations by F. C. Yohn. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: Boston, and New York. Price, \$1.50

search, and most careful and critical discrimination in the selection of the articles making up its contents. It is not too much to say that the best and the richest that the periodical literature of the world affords is found in its pages. It touches every phase of human interest. The volume under consideration is in full keeping with all preceding ones in breadth, variety and literary quality.

## Magazines

— The March number of *Harper's*, as usual, contains a rich and varied selection of stories, poems, papers, editorials, sketches, etc. Rare editorial ability is exhibited in the nice balance maintained between what is commonly called "light" and "heavy" productions, and also in the right proportion of long and short articles. The fine illustrations and superior mechanical work throughout are especially noteworthy. The tendency of magazines to treat religious subjects seriously—the same as they would handle any other topic of current interest—which has become quite marked in recent years, is further attested by an illustrated paper on "The Lineage of the English Bible," by H. W. Hoare, illustrated by portraits, *fac similes* of old prints, etc. It is treated from a most refreshing literary point of view. Among the other papers are: "Korea and her Emperor," Alfred Stead; "The Point of View in Fiction," Agnes Repplier; "Measurements of Science Beyond the Range of Our Senses," Carl Snyder; "The Romance of the Koh-i-noor," A. Sarah Kumar Ghosh. The poems are by Jeannette Bliss Gillespie, Josephine Dodge Daskam, Josephine Preston Peabody, Harrison S. Morris, and the fiction by Richard Le Gallienne, Grace Denio Litchfield, Arthur Colton, James Branch Cabell, Eleanor Hoyt, William Dean Howells, Marie Van Vorst, and Mark Twain. The introductory story in the "Editor's Drawer" is by Charles B. De Camp. (Harper & Bros.: New York and London.)

— The *Missionary Review* is an up-to-date publication in every respect, and should be in the hands of Christian workers everywhere. It deals exclusively with present-day achievements, conditions and possibilities in the missions-fields. The February number contains a noteworthy assortment of well-written articles, including: "Missionary Literature of the Nineteenth Century," Harlan P. Beach; "Stirring Appeals of the Last Century," Arthur T. Piereson; "John Chinaman in America," Ira M. Condit; "Unoccupied Fields in West China," William M. Upcraft; "The Crisis in South African Missions," Frederick R. Bunker; "Mr. Mott and Japanese Students," R. B. Peery. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.)

— "The submarine has come, and it has come to stay, not only in the British Navy, but in the navies of the world," says Archibald S. Hurd, in a paper on that topic in the February *Nineteenth Century*, in which he exhaustively discusses the whole subject of submarine navigation in its relation to naval warfare. The question of the legal responsibility of trades unions is discussed by Clement Edwards in "Should Trades Unions be Incorporated?" The paper seems to have been suggested by a decision of the House of Lords to the effect that a registered trade union is a legal entity capable of being sued for the wrongful acts of its officers if committed within the scope of their authority. "The Young French Girl Interviewed," is a review of a book consisting of several thousands of interviews of French girls on a variety of subjects, the object of the book being to show that young girls in that country are perfectly pure-minded. The book and the general subject are discussed by Hannah Lynch, who thinks it quite strange that so many young women should hold such eminently correct views of life. Various phases of the South African question are treated by Frederick Greenwood, P. Leys, C. M. G., and Mary, Countess of Galloway. (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

— The *Biblical World* always contains a well-written and comprehensive editorial on some religious subject of supreme interest. The topic discussed in the February number is:

"What is the Final Service of the Historical Method?" The papers include: "The Water Supply of Jerusalem, Ancient and Modern," Dr. E. W. G. Masterman, of Jerusalem; "The Social Teaching of Paul," Shailer Matthews, of Chicago University; "Conceptions of God among Modern Semites," Prof. Samuel Ives Curtiss, of Chicago Theological Seminary. (University of Chicago Press.)

— *Records of the Past* for February is entitled to a warm welcome. "Ancient Corinth Uncovered," by Arthur Stoddard Cooley, Ph. D., occupies considerable space, but it is well worth the prominence given to it. The other special papers are: "The Discovery of Yucatan by the Portuguese in 1493—An Ancient Chart," by Dr. Philip J. J. Valentine; and "The Moabite Stone," unsigned. This magazine is printed on highly finished paper, with superior illustrations, with pages numbered consecutively for binding. (Records of the Past Exploration Society: Washington, D. C.)

— "The Ivory City," by T. Cuyler Smith, is the title of a well-written and elaborately illustrated paper in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for March, setting forth the magnificence of the Exposition now in progress at Charleston, S. C. "Marconi, the Man," by a Friend; "The (wireless) Experiments at St. John's," by C. R. Watson; and "An Imperial American Yacht," by the builder Wallace Downey, are bright and timely papers. "The American Gypsy," by Riley M. Fletcher Berry, is a contribution to current information worthy of special mention because it has evidently cost the author a great deal of labor to gather the facts and give them such an interesting setting. The illustrations are good, and the entire article gives the reader a peep into the hidden life of a "peculiar" people. (Frank Leslie Publishing House: New York and London.)

— "The Old Regime in the Southwest: the Reign of the Revolver in New Mexico," by Albert E. Hyde, occupies a prominent place in the *Century* for March. The illustrations from drawings by J. N. Marchand bristle with rough-looking men armed with rifles and revolvers, and are evidently truthful. The story of Bishop Whipple's work in the Northwest is given in "An Apostle to the American Indians," by Rev. H. P. Nichols. "In Samoa with Stevenson" is a strikingly interesting sketch by Isobel Osbourne Strong, with pictures and decorations by Ellen Macauley. "A Marionette Theatre in New York," by Frances H. Nichols, is a clever sketch in itself, and unconsciously perhaps to the author gives an interesting glimpse of Italian character. Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald appears with a sketch of his three meetings with Vasquez under the caption, "A California Bandit;" and Charles Moore contributes his second paper (illustrated) on "The Improvement of Washington City." (Century Co.: New York.)

— Godfrey R. Benson writes on "Federal Government for the United Kingdom," in the February number of the *Contemporary Review*. He says: "We are becoming unanimous on one point: our national Legislature [Parliament] has grown impotent. No one can suggest any remedy for its admitted failure to do its work except upon the lines of devolving part of the duties of Parliament upon lesser authorities." In "Coming Events in Central Asia," Demetrius C. Boulger indicates the dangers connected with the relations between Afghanistan and England. He is of the opinion that it is only a question of a few years before there will be a crisis in that country which will endanger

the safety of India. Other papers of special note are: "Great Britain and Germany," by Ogniben; "Tycho Brahe," by J. H. Bridges; "My First Visit to Siam," by Andrew Clarke; and the "Restatement of Democracy," by J. A. Hobson. (Leonard Scott Publication Company: New York.)

— Thomas J. Hudson, who, as author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," has gained deserved recognition as an authority on psychic mysteries, contributes a paper on "The Rise, Progress and Decline of Modern Spiritualism," to the February number of the *Era*. He accounts for the seemingly supernatural aspects of spiritualism on purely natural grounds. "Prehistoric Ruins of Southern Colorado," by Helen March Wixson, brings the reader face to face with the fascinating antiquity of that region. A sketch of "Jay Cooke—Federal Financier," is given by Alfred Mathews. Frederick M. Bird contributes a sketch on "Hawthorne's Loneliness;" and Joel Chandler Harris appears with the second installment of his serial, "Gabriel Tolliver." (Henry T. Coates & Co.: Philadelphia.)

— The *National Geographic Magazine* for February contains several papers dealing with recent developments in geography. An address given before the National Geographic Society, Dec. 20, 1901, by Hon. Ebenezer J. Hill, member of Congress from Connecticut, upon "A Trip through Siberia," occupies the place of honor. It is fully illustrated. "The Teaching of Geography," by Ralph S. Tarr, professor of physical geography in Cornell University, deals with the great importance of well-trained teachers. The advantages of the Mandingo route for the Isthmian canal are described in detail. (McClure, Phillips & Co.: New York.)

— The March *Country Life in America* heralds the coming of spring, and, with added pages, offers a profusion of superb pictures relating to all sorts of wild and domestic life of the woods, the fields, and of country places. The estate feature, this month, is the "New England Garden Home" of Mrs. Jack Gardner, showing the Italian and Japanese landscape architecture. Other leading articles are: "The Sugar-Bush," which treats pictorially of the unique American industry of maple-sugar making; "The Animals of the Farm," a bit of farm philosophy; and a poem by John Burroughs entitled "A March Glee." Several really notable features are by experts in photography—A. Radcliffe Dugmore, A. G. Wallihan, and Alfred J. Meyer. Then, of course, there are articles for the man who lives in the country. "The Return to the Soil" is an editorial discussion of the successes and failures of the city man in agriculture and country home-making. "Common Sense in the Poultry Yard" treats of the selection of stock, with pointed suggestions on care and management of fowls; while in various articles and departments timely hints are given about greenhouses, hotbeds, and lawnmaking on the home grounds and on the golf green. Altogether, the success of this most beautiful of magazines is inevitable; it grows monthly in number of pages and breadth of feeling for the outdoor world, and already is twice the size originally planned. (Doubleday, Page & Co.: 34 Union Square East, New York.)

— Miss Alcott's "Little Women" is reported by the librarian of the New York Public Library to be the juvenile most called for in the circulation department.

— A new novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, "Fuel of Fire," begins in the March number of the *Bookman*.

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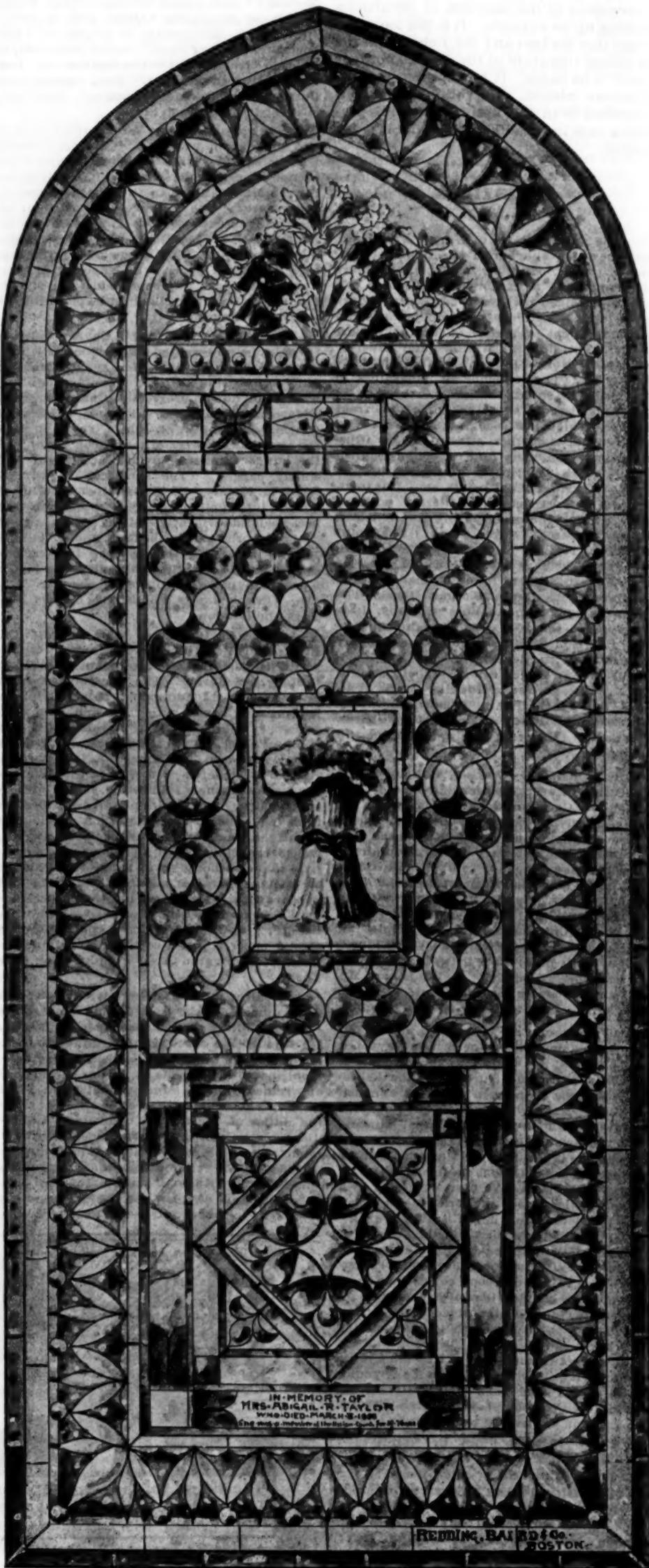
**A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL  
WINDOW**

THE accompanying illustration shows a stained-glass window recently reconstructed by Redding, Baird & Co., its original makers, which furnishes a striking example of the possibilities of the glass-workers' art, while for richness of coloring as well as the skillful accentuation of its ornamental features, it stands unrivaled. It was originally placed in the Union Church, Monument Square, Charlestown, and was given by Gen. Charles H. Taylor of the Boston *Globe*, in memory of his mother, Mrs. Abigail R. Taylor, who died March 8, 1888, she having been a member of that church for thirty-nine years.

The taking of this property for commercial purposes made it necessary to place the window in a new location, and alterations were made to adapt it to its new resting-place, so that the new window as completed is 61 inches wide by 195 inches high. By the introduction of rich ornamental features the result, as exemplified in the finished window, awakens in the beholder sentiments of the highest order. The outer border is a rich, deep terra-cotta glass, the second being of a beautiful amber. Within this is a third border of dark Pompeian opal, studded at regular intervals with nugget jewels of flaming amber, which seem to glow with a celestial fire, the effect being beautiful beyond description. A striking effect is embodied in the wide border, which consists of an artistic adaptation of a plain leaf in regular repetition around the window, the inner edge being enriched by a scalloped border of bronze green. In the color scheme the leaves are of a soft olive opal and amethyst, resting upon a ground of beautiful evening red, the quiet harmony suggesting peace and contentment. Borders of melting golden amber and opal, geranium rose, marine and turquoise blue, Persian lake and luminous green, skillfully blended, complete the coloring of the enclosing frame-work.

The central portion of the window is composed of a field, most unique and striking: an effect in geometrical and band movements, introducing Tyrian rose, citron yellow, dragon's blood red, and Sevres blue glasses, the small squares being accentuated by the use of the beautiful malachite green opal, the whole forming a most impressive symphony of color. In this field, framed by borders of maroon cathedral and Mars yellow, studded with glimmering jewels of emerald blue, and resting upon a ground of Venetian opal, is a sheaf of wheat, rich in natural coloring and execution. Bands of soft coral pink, papyrus yellow and Antwerp blue opal glasses, in which flaming jewels of Mars orange are set, fill the space between the field and top panel, which is a mass of beautiful Easter lilies, emblematical of purity and chastity. The spotless white of the flowers and buds, delicately shaded with pearl grey, and the leaves of cypress, olive and ivy green, resting upon a field of richly veined ethereal blue opal, forms an appropriate and pleasing contrast to the other features of the window.

The lower portion is given up to a rich ornamentation, consisting of interlacing bands of saffron yellow, laurel pink, Veronese green and gendarme blue, enclosing a central panel of rich detail, executed in garnet and Italian grey, the ornament proper being in



harmonious shades of marbled Etruscan brown, delicately tinted primrose yellow, and green opals, with accents of richly veined Roman ivory opal. The inscription plate at the base of the window is of rich amber and opal, and bears the inscription: "In memory of Mrs. Abigail R. Taylor, who died March 8th, 1888. She was a member of the Union Church for thirty-nine years."

The marked success attained in the execution of this, as well as other notable windows produced by Redding, Baird & Co., is due to the rare skill, artistic sense and keen perception of Mr. John C. Baird, whose life-time of study and experience in the manipulation of stained glass for ecclesiastical as well as other purposes has placed him on record as one of the foremost colorists of the day. Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church is to be congratulated on possessing this beautiful memorial window, which, aside from its highly decorative character, will serve as a constant incentive to a higher, nobler Christian life, to all observers.

#### AN UNVEILING

REV. W. J. HEATH.

OUR attention is constantly being called to the indications of material prosperity which are to be seen on every hand in this highly favored land. Every enlightened mind will rejoice in this. But at the same time it is with still greater satisfaction that one can mark the evidences of intellectual and spiritual advancement. If we rejoice that our manufactures lead the world, we cannot be indifferent to the fact that we are taking our place in the artistic development of the age. This fact is brought to our notice by the unveiling of a beautiful piece of mosaic work in the chapel of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium. It is a picture 16 feet wide by 6 feet in depth. The subject is, "The Last Supper." It was evidently suggested by the work of Da Vinci, but departs from that so distinctly that it bears the stamp of originality. The cartoon was prepared by Frederick Wilson, of New York. The material is glass, so prepared as to give the effect of color with light and shade, yet without being translucent. The workmanship is by Tiffany, and it is probably one of the finest pieces of artistic work that ever left that establish-

ment. It was on exhibition at the Pan-American, and attracted unusual attention. It is the gift of M. M. Buck, of St. Louis, and the cost of the work was \$5,000. The genius of the artist is seen in one little bit of realism. The halo around the head of Judas is exceedingly dim. When compared with the haloes around the heads of the other disciples the effect is startling, suggesting as it does the awful degradation he has suffered. And yet his face is one of inexpressible sadness, altogether foreign to the popular conception of the man.

There are two things about this work of art that deserve attention: 1. It is erected in memory of Henry Foster, M. D., the founder of the Sanitarium, and a man whose life centered around the Cross. Just as in that group of disciples almost every variety of character and disposition was represented, finding in Christ their bond of union, so it was the delight of Dr. Foster to find in every phase of real Christian life some fuller exhibition of Him, the Source of all life. 2. This is emphatically an American production. In composition, in treatment, in material, and in workmanship, this is from first to last the work of our hands and the product of our brain. As such it is properly a source of patriotic pride.

The picture was unveiled on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 19, before a very large audience, after a most appropriate address by Dr. Ensign McChesney, of Syracuse. It is an expression of the esteem in which Dr. Foster was held, and as it arrests the eye of all who enter the chapel, it will serve to perpetuate the work in which he delighted, namely, to make all earthly ministries extant Jesus only.

*Foster's Sanitarium, Clifton Springs, N. Y.*

#### Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society

The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society is just commencing the thirty-second consecutive year of its work. By strong yet conservative methods, and by an unceasing activity, it has made friends throughout the commonwealth and beyond. With a valuable experience and a technical knowledge of local conditions, it is now fitted for its best year of service. The policy is to urge activity in all the months, and not merely just before an election.

Besides the three special lines of regular work, which are publication, circulating the pledge, and collating practical statistics, the Society is opening a department of information on law enforcement, has appointed four district agents for continuous canvass, is planning for illustrated out-door lectures, is instituting a scheme of public pledge singing, and is fostering local organizations. These newer lines of service will require money, and with the good-will of the press and the people, without doubt the subscriptions will continue to increase.

#### Lasell Girls in Pasadena, Cal.

Miss Belle Bragdon, 404 East Colorado St., had a thimble party one afternoon last week, composed wholly of Lasell girls, from Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., of which her father is principal. They were Mrs. George F. Kellogg, of Brookline, Mass.; Misses Elizabeth Creswell, of Denver; Alice Goodell, of Worcester, Mass.; Bess Bailey, of Marion, Ind.; Beulah Shannon, of Brookline, Mass.; Nellie Feagles, of Toledo, O.; Harriet Daizell, of Wheeling, W. Va.; and Mrs. J. P. Fonda, of Pueblo, Colo. Other invited guests were Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Grand Ave.; Mrs. J. Pugh, of Lockhaven St.; Anna Kellogg, of Chicago; Grace Harrison, of Harrison Heights; and Mrs. C. E. Richards, of Los Angeles. Miss Adele Roth, of the Classical School for Girls, who was a teacher at Lasell for several years, was also present. The names of four others came out in the talk, of whose presence in the vicinity Miss Bragdon had not known. Mrs. Arthur J. Eddy, of Chicago, has just come to the Raymond, so that there are twenty-one former members of Lasell now in Pasadena and

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vicinity, which is certainly quite a representation for one school, and that so far away.—*Pasadena Daily News* (Feb. 11).



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## THE CONFERENCES

## NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

## Concord District

*The Glorious North Country.* — It is all that. There is never a time when the scenery is not grand. To see the snow-covered mountains of the winter with their frost-like appearance, as the sun shines upon them, is to behold a picture of beauty. By the way, did you ever drive from Colebrook to Pittsburgh, through Canaan and Beecher Falls, in the winter, when the storm was coming straight into your face? If not, then there is a missing link in the chain of your life. Hasten to find that link ere it is too late. This was our trip, Sunday, Feb. 9. After that most delightful and impressive service at Colebrook, when the pastor baptized and received so many, and the communion had been administered to probably as large a number as ever gathered at the altar of that church, we took passage behind the pastor's horse for the afternoon service at Beecher Falls, and then on to Pittsburgh. It was not an easy trip. The snow fell fast, and blew into drifts in many places. Before we had gone over a mile and a half, the harness gave way, and we had to put in for repairs. It was soon fixed by the farmer giving us a piece of harness from his own new gear, while he promised to mend ours on the morrow and have it ready on our return. Wasn't that kind? Why did he do it? Might he not have feared we would never come back that way? It was on this wise: The discerning eye of his wife led her to wonder if we were not the presiding elder, and so she inquired. On being informed that we sometimes passed under that title, she said she had a child to be baptized and wished we would perform the ceremony on our return. Of course we gladly consented, and having been put in good condition for our trip, we were soon on our way.

We floundered through some of the drifts, and in due season came up before the new Methodist meeting-house in *Beecher Falls*. The people are occupying it, though it has not yet been dedicated. When a time of better traveling comes, we shall have this service, which, we hope, will be a blessing to the cause of God in this region. A little company of plucky souls have pushed this work along. It needs pews, lights, carpet, a furnace, and some grading, to completely finish it. These will come in time, but not now. This is an important growing place, a railroad centre, with a great furniture factory, calling a population of not less than 300 here at this time. We need to hold this for the kingdom of God. The quarterly conference is now regularly organized, and the pastor, Rev. William Magwood, is pushing the work. They have done well in pastoral support, while they raised and paid on the new church building some hundreds of dollars.

After speaking our most encouraging and helpful words, we began our trip up the grade toward the last and most northerly town of the State, *Pittsburgh*. It was after dark when we arrived, and as our team was being put away the last bell was ringing for the service. The preacher's wife had supper ready, but we decided to attend the service and eat later. It was very bad traveling, and we thought that within thirty minutes we should probably be back for that waiting supper because there would be no congregation. But to our surprise there was more than the proverbial "baker's dozen," for beside the pastor and elder there were fourteen present! We talked long enough for a fair-sized sermon, and held the quarterly conference in due form, finding a people anxious to keep the present pastor, and who even said emphatically that they wanted to invite his wife and children, which was indeed pleasant to hear. Some time before ten o'clock we ate that supper, and soon retired to sleep as a laboring man deserves to — that is, soundly, with no dreams to disturb.

When Monday morning came, the same nineteen miles that were covered the day before must be traversed again. Before eight o'clock, with the pastor for a companion, we start. The roads are unbroken. Our team is the first on the way. It is not always easy to tell where the track is — or at least where it ought to be — and all at once one runner drops off from somewhere, and there is a spill of preacherhood into the snow. One of the two rolled into the three-

foot drifts, while the other sat on the upper edge of the sleigh. He was a white man for once, when he arose. No more mishaps of this kind occurred, though several times we seemed near them. A stop in Canaan for a call on the pastor, Rev. C. W. Kelley, and we started on the stretch toward Colebrook, leaving the Pittsburgh pastor to go to the Preachers' Meeting at Whitefield on the train, and we would join him at Colebrook. By reason of travel we found the roads on this side much better, and a little before noon we appeared at the home we had found the day before. Our harness had been repaired. The nine months' old baby was given to God in Christian baptism. The horse and his driver were provided with a good dinner, and again we entered the sleigh and soon drove into the barn of the Colebrook parsonage. Thirty-eight miles within twenty-three hours, with all the work thrown in, will keep a man from getting too much sleep! In a little time we are on the train for Whitefield, and enter the church while the Preachers' Meeting is in progress, for we had to miss two hours and a half of the first session. They were discussing the question of "Country Evangelization," which in this section means a great deal. Here we found

*Another Bit of Pentecost.* — If that was a proper characterization of the Laconia meeting, it was also true of this one. There was the largest attendance of any meeting in the White Mountain section since we have known the district. Fourteen out of the twenty-two belonging here were present; and add to these the brethren from Vermont and Maine Conferences, and two or three of their wives, and there were just twenty-five. Rev. E. E. Reynolds and his people gave us generous and hearty entertainment. Dinner and supper were served in the vestry each day. The meetings opened Monday, Feb. 10, at 2 o'clock. In the absence of the presiding elder, who could not reach there by that time, Rev. S. E. Quimby was called to preside. Sermons were preached by G. B. Goodrich, S. E. Quimby, and G. W. Hunt, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. Dr. E. M. Taylor was present Monday evening, and stirred all hearts by his masterly presentation of the missionary cause. W. J. McNeil, of Vermont, read a paper on "The Whole Gospel the Need of the Age." "Country Evangelization" was a fruitful theme, opened by W. A. Loynes. D. W. Downs and Wm. Ramsden discussed the question, "How Far can New Methods be Used to Increase Church Attendance?" while J. L. Felt, fresh from the victories at Lancaster, spoke of "The Reflex Benefit of Debt-paying." Willis Holmes and H. F. Quimby answered very forcefully "What Specific Type of Revival is Needed?" and G. W. Hunt, chairman of the board of examiners of the Vermont Conference, gave a most excellent address on "The Conference Studies as a Basis for Practical Usefulness in the Ministry." Wm. Magwood and A. W. Frye presented sermon sketches. J. H. Vincent spoke on the topic, "Are the Signs of the Times Encouraging?" A very pleasant and agreeable feature was the "Inter-Conference Comity," and the presence and helpful words of Presiding Elder Sherburn of the Vermont Conference, and Wm. Wood from the Maine Conference. They brought kind and brotherly words, and their presence was a blessing. More of this would be good for us. The choir, under the direction of Mrs. Dr. Wilder, rendered good service, not only as a whole, but in the solos of Dr. Wilder and Mr. Newhall, which were appreciated. The meeting took strong ground on the temperance situation in the resolutions adopted. All the discussions were in a good spirit, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was felt. Those who were not there missed a great deal. If we may judge by the tone of this meeting and the one at Laconia, God is still in Israel, and great hope is expressed that His work is to be revived. All agree that the saving power of God in regeneration is the only hope of the north country.

*A Beautiful View.* — The preachers, after sitting all day in their meeting in Whitefield, walked a half-mile up the hill to view the sunset on the mountains. We looked out on the Franconias radiant with splendor. Going a little higher, away to our left was the Pilley range in beautiful colors. A little further up, looking to the right, was a most gorgeous view of the Presidential range. The sun was shining full upon them, and it almost seemed as if we were looking upon the throne of God. While we looked the glow had passed and the shadows

gathered. Nowhere else in old New England can such visions be seen as are to be witnessed in this north country. It may be a little cold now and then, but it is a wonderful region. We have been told of the man who said his objection to this section was that "there are three or four weeks of the year when they had to go on wheels." Well, those who are here enjoy God's handiwork, and there are great opportunities to preach the Gospel.

*The Weirs.* — The claim is wholly provided for. Congregations keep up very well for this season of the year. The people are anxious to secure a parsonage home. A fund is being started for that purpose which they hope to increase so that soon their desires may be realized. There are two hundred people in this immediate community, twenty-five per cent. of whom are regular attendants at the church services. The pastor's wife has made good use of her juvenile society, and they are proving themselves helpers indeed. Rev. G. L. Lowell is pastor.

*Ashland.* — As usual, the reports from this society are excellent. They have met with serious losses in the removal of the glove works to Plymouth, the long shut-down of the woolen mill, and the death of one of their chief supporters. Still they keep up the claim, and all will be paid in full before Conference. All the benevolent collections will be taken. The pastor, Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, held several weeks of special services at Holderness, resulting in a general quickening of the church and several conversions. This is to become a regular preaching place for this charge, with service once in two weeks. It is only three and a half miles away, hence will be easy to reach.

*Plymouth.* — Congregations are good. The Sunday-school is in an improved condition. The primary department and the cradle roll are especially interesting. The finances are a little behind, but there will be no difficulty in closing the year with bills all paid. Dr. and Mrs. Cleveland are happy over the arrival at the parsonage of a little daughter, to whom they are devoting considerable attention these days.

*Haverhill.* — A well-attended quarterly conference made a good showing in the financial outlook. The claim is all in sight within fifteen dollars, and a little effort will secure that amount. The conference expressed itself strongly in favor of the return of the pastor, Rev. D. W. Downs.

*Piermont.* — Rev. W. S. Emery has been the supply this year. He has done good work, has faithfully preached, and as a good pastor has gone from house to house. His youthful enthusiasm has caught the people; large congregations gather from Sabbath to Sabbath. Saints and sinners desire his return another year. The attendance at the quarterly conference was

## GET MAD

## When Friends Tell the Truth

Many people become coffee tasters before they realize it, and would be angry if thus described even by a close friend.

It will pay anyone to examine carefully into whether or not coffee has gained the mastery over them. A coffee taster may suspect that his or her ails come from coffee drinking, but they will invariably charge the disease to some other cause, for right down in the heart they realize that it would be practically impossible to give up coffee, so they hope against hope that it does not hurt them, but it goes on with its work just the same and the result is complete collapse and nervous prostration, lasting sometimes for years, unless the poison, that causes the disease is discontinued.

There are hundreds of thousands of illustrations of the truth of this statement.

Any person addicted to coffee can make the change from common coffee to Postum Food Coffee without trouble provided the Postum is properly prepared so as to bring out the color, flavor and food value. It has a rich black brown color and changes to the golden brown when good cream is added.

The change will work wonders in any one whose nervous system or stomach has been unbalanced or disturbed by coffee.

interesting. Quite a number of men and women who had never attended such a gathering announced their purpose of being present to say they wished the pastor returned. They came, and very frankly expressed their desire. There are splendid possibilities for good work here.

**Accidents.** — Falls on the ice have been more frequent this winter than for some time. A few weeks ago Rev. W. A. Loyne was badly hurt, so that he was confined to bed for some days, and has sought the support of a cane since then. A little later Mrs. C. U. Dunning was badly hurt by slipping down, and she, too, was confined to bed for some time. A few days ago Mrs. C. D. Hills was accompanying a friend to the car when she slipped and fell, breaking one of the bones in her right wrist, and rupturing something in the left hand that caused it to swell badly. She is improving, but it will take quite a little time for her recovery.

**Concord, First Church.** — Everything is harmonious in the work here. All departments are in good condition. The Intermediate and Junior Leagues are doing finely and developing spiritual life among the little people. They not only hope to meet all the financial obligations of the current year, but to close the year with all bills either paid or fully provided for. Since 1896 this church has reported a debt of \$1,700 or more. During the first year of the pastorate of Dr. C. D. Hills they paid \$700. All have been looking at the \$1,000 and wishing it could disappear, but no one was willing to attempt the work of removal. A few weeks ago the burden came on the wife of the pastor, Mrs. Simpson, and she went at it with all her enthusiastic nature. At this writing \$760 has been secured, with many more yet to see. By the time this is in print, she will doubtless have every dollar pledged. While the quarterly conference extended a unanimous invitation to Rev. Joseph Simpson to return another year, they also gave a vote of thanks to the pastor's wife for the good work she has done.

**Personal.** — Captain Corliss, one of the patriarchs of Methodism in Plymouth, recently reached his ninety-first birthday. He is quite well for one of his years, and looks with bright hopes toward the future life. Living out of the village some distance, he does not get to the church services very often, and is glad to see his friends in his own home.

Our church at Ashland has come into considerable prominence lately in banking circles. At the reorganization of the savings bank, the president, treasurer, and five out of seven of the trustees were from the Methodist Episcopal Church of the village.

B.

#### Manchester District

**Manchester, St. Paul's.** — The reports show an increase in membership notwithstanding ten have died this year and a number of letters have been given to those changing residences. But for \$600 debt paid out of this year's current expenses, and improvements to the amount of about \$300, this would have been a very easy year in meeting bills. Rev. Samuel McLaughlin has had a very hearty invitation to remain for the fourth year.

**Manchester, St. Jean's.** — Feb. 23, 3 persons were received on probation and 1 by letter. Both pastor and people are feeling quite encouraged in the work.

**Grantham.** — The work in this church is prospering. The people are in earnest, and are helping the pastor in his work. Class-meetings are well attended. The Epworth League is alive

and awake, and is rendering excellent service for the kingdom. Attendance at Sunday-school has increased one-third since January 1. The people are anxious to retain Rev. C. T. Matthews another year.

**Springfield.** — Large congregations gather to hear the Gospel. The Christian Endeavor Society is rapidly increasing in membership and efficiency. Work in the Sunday-school is at high-water mark. Finances are all right. Pastor C. T. Matthews is earnestly desired for another year.

**Manchester, First Church.** — Increase all along the line is the report for this year. Everything is encouraging in this field. Pastor Farnsworth is unanimously requested to remain another year.

**Marlow.** — All goes well here, and the people very much desire that the present relation of pastor and people should continue. Rev. J. E. Montgomery is pastor.

Walden has had a year of prosperity, and the work is more promising for the future than ever before. Mrs. O. E. Newton, wife of the pastor, had an alarming stroke some weeks ago, but was much improved at last accounts, and hopeful of full recovery. She was severely startled by being tipped from the sleigh in the drifts, and in a few days fell almost unconscious in the midst of her household work. A clot on the brain, was the physician's verdict. Wilbur, son of the pastor, just graduating from Wesleyan, is preparing to enter the work of the ministry in Vermont this spring.

Irvington is prosperous and happy. No change is desired. In spite of severe storms, the congregations have kept up nearly to normal all winter, and all interests are looked after. The League

#### VERMONT CONFERENCE

##### Montpelier District

**Athens.** — Our people here have spent \$218 in repairing the church. Much of this is out of sight in improved foundations, but the vestry has been rendered commodious and a good beginning has been made. Other repairs for the audience-room are being planned, which will be put through as soon as the money is provided. All bills are paid to date.

**Jacksonville.** — The repairs on our church here have been completed, with the exception of the decoration of the audience-room. All expenses incurred to date have been met to the extent of \$150, and money is on hand for finishing up. During the time the building was being repaired our services were held in a hall kindly donated for the purpose.

**South Londonderry.** — The faithful work of Pastor Evans has so seriously impaired his health that it is probable he will ask for a rest of a year in which to regain strength. All join in wishing him a return of his accustomed vigor.

**Montpelier.** — Rumor has it that Pastor Judkins is wanted in another Conference. It would seem that Montpelier is a good place to transfer from. During the past three years our church has made advance in many ways. Montpelier will be sorry to have a change.

**Collections.** — Most of the pastors are reporting the benevolent collections equal to or in excess of previous years. This is as it ought to be. Committees charged with the important work of providing for the current expenses say bills will be met, while nearly all the repairs made on church and parsonage property are paid for. The exceptions in any of these cases will be when some one has failed to do his duty.

W. M. N.

##### St. Johnsbury District

**Craftsbury** is forging to the front. New pews and carpet are in place in the church. Something like \$1,200 has been expended in repairs for the year, the Ladies' Aid furnishing over one-fourth of this sum. Benevolences have doubled and old bills have been canceled. All collections were spontaneous on the part of the subscribers; no dunning was needed. All bills are paid at sight. The donation for the pastor, on Feb. 26, netted over \$180. Next week special revival services commence. If indications count for anything, a gracious season is at hand for this people.

**Hardwick** has been holding special services for three weeks. Those long acquainted with the place and people declare that they have never known such a deep and genuine religious interest in the community. Workers are being developed, wanderers are returning, sinners are seeking the Lord. Sixteen have already signified that purpose. All lines of work are in good trim. Pastor Dixon is calling to his aid neighboring pastors, and they respond with true Vermont heartiness. The State press is saying that our Mr. Bickford of this place, manager of the leading granite firm and a steward in our church, has just secured a mammoth granite order for the front of a great terminal station in Chicago. The work will cost over a quarter of a million, and the cutting will demand 150 men for nine months. The church and the whole community cannot fail to feel the impetus of such a business advance.

## Catarrh and Consumption

I have spent nearly 50 years in the treatment of the above named troubles and believe I have effected more permanent cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice, **Free** and post-paid to every reader of this paper who suffers from these loathsome, dangerous and disgusting diseases. My treatment will positively give prompt relief and cure in the worst cases. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address, PROFESSOR J. A. LAWRENCE, 114 West 32d St., New York.

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Founded, 1823

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is being enlarged and getting in better working trim. No bills are allowed to accrue, and a good number of additions have been made during the year.

*Barton* is in excellent condition, with good prospects for larger advance the coming year. At the last conference it was voted to proceed at once in the purchase of a pipe organ. Some \$1,600 will go into the enterprise. Half the sum comes from a bequest left the society some years since. Of a recent Sunday Pastor Johnson preached a sermon on civic duties from the text, "A citizen of no mean city," which was published in full in the *Monitor*, Barton's enterprising local paper. All New England ought to read it; it is worthy of any pulpit. The congregations here are large and growing, and with general business thrift the future is full of promise.

*Barton Landing* is on the up-grade also. At both these places the good and vigorous tone of affairs was witnessed by the large attendance at the last quarterly conference, and the intelligent and interesting reports given of all the departments of work. Of course no change is meditated at either point.

*West Burke* did the royal thing in entertaining the Preachers' Meeting, Feb. 18-19, and the next Sunday doubled the benevolences of former years and brought in a round hundred for the pastor Monday morning. Congratulations to pastor and people!

*Island Pond* has just concluded a three weeks' series of meetings, having Evangelist Walker as assistant. The meetings are spoken of as helpful in the best sense. The church was quickened and the community much interested. Several were induced to take up the duties of the active Christian life, and were baptized and received, Feb. 23.

*Preachers' Meeting.* — The Preachers' Meeting at *West Burke* was a very decided success. Despite the worst storm of the month seventeen preachers were present, though the presiding elder was several hours behind time, struggling through the drifts for forty miles and holding conference at *Brownington* during the day of the 18th. All the papers were of a high order and were well presented. The little test of Higher Criticism methods furnished not a little zest and amusement for the occasion. Nine selections, from three different authors, written in the first, middle and mature periods of their literary life, were presented to a committee for grouping as to author and time of production. The committee after careful study reported their findings, read the whole before the meeting, and made guesses at authorship. The latter were quite amusing. The productions were, by various parties, attributed to more men than the rankest critics generally put at work upon the books of *Isaiah* and *Daniel*, and the guesses at authorship ranged all the way from Dr. L. T. Townsend to the humble scribe from St. Johnsbury District, neither of whom had any finger in the pie.

J. O. S.

#### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

##### Brockton and Vicinity

*Bridgewater.* — Rev. O. W. Scott recently delivered a very interesting lecture in this church on, "Down in a Coal Mine." The lecture was illustrated with charts, curios, fossils, etc. The proceeds were applied on the parsonage debt.

*Whitman.* — Rev. H. W. Brown and his people are mutually agreed, consequently there will be no change here next year. At the fourth quarterly conference the members not only expressed their own wish, but the desire of the church and community, by giving Mr. Brown a unanimous invitation to continue his services as pastor for another year.

*Brockton, South Street.* — Rev. H. B. Cady is closing a three years' pastorate with this people. At the fourth quarterly conference he expressed himself as still adhering to the three-year system, and that he did not wish to be considered a candidate for re-appointment. The members of the conference speak of Mr. Cady's work in the highest terms (as well they might.) During his pastorate a floating debt of \$500 has been removed, the parsonage improved at a cost of \$1,000, the church adorned with a coat of paint, the vestry carpeted, \$1,400 pledged on the mortgage, and an increase made in the membership of the church. The pastorate has been a success

on all lines, and a good foundation is laid for the pastor's successor.

*South Braintree.* — Rev. R. E. Schuh is seeing many encouraging tokens as the result of faithful labors. There is a general increase in all the benevolent collections, the Conference claimants collection being doubled. One young man has recently sought and found Christ and united with the church on probation. P.

*South Thomaston.* — Rev. W. C. Baker still holds his own with encouraging omens. Reports at the fourth quarterly conference were agreeable. Good congregations and good social services ever signify a goodly spiritual life in the church. Benevolences are being faithfully looked after. All finances are well in hand. Mr. Baker's return for another year was unanimously requested.

*Cushing.* — Rev. J. N. Atwood is one of the best of men — he has to be in order to attend to the required duties of this charge; and he is highly esteemed as man and pastor. Encouragements in this part of the vineyard do not multiply. There is but little loyal Methodism. "Religious papers are taken, but they are not Methodist papers." "Cushing does not want a minister." "It should not have one." "If we have any, we want Mr. Atwood sent back." Such are the sentiments expressed. But how can a people, many in numbers, needing the Gospel, comfortably placed for this world, abundantly able to support the Gospel, be left Gospelless? Here is a field for an enthusiastic, level-headed young man next year. Other fields require the present pastor. The parsonage at Cushing should be occupied.

*Friendship.* — The church moves well at Friendship. Harmony and progress prevail. We found the pastor and his family comfortable and contented in the new parsonage — one of the delightful residences which easily brings this charge into the list of "desirable appointments" of the district. Nineteen hundred dollars have been expended. Only a small debt remains. Better a small debt and a good parsonage than "no indebtedness" and "disreputable quarters" called "the parsonage" for the pastor to dwell in. The same holds true relative

#### EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

##### Rockland District

*Lincolnville.* — The pastor, Rev. H. E. McFarlane, was absent from the charge a month on account of the sickness and death of a much-loved sister, Mrs. Powell, who for many years was a devoted member of the Methodist Church in New Brunswick. Like all God's servants, her death was triumphant in expectation of the "recompense of the reward." The work at Lincolnville — very difficult on many accounts — still holds out encouragement to consecrated, well-directed labor in the name of the Lord.

*Windsor.* — This large field is being well cared for by the faithful labors of Rev. C. W. Lowell. There are many discouragements, but Mr. Lowell's pastorate has been to a marked degree successful. Souls have been saved, and a goodly number have been added to the church. But the work requires the persistent oversight and the most energetic labor of a man strong in body as well as mind. Just now the pastor is hampered seriously by the recent loss of his horse, without which it is next to impossible to do all that such a territory demands in the way of pastoral labor.

## OVAL

We are having many calls for Oval Dining Tables. Here is one of our late patterns. It measures (open) 5 ft. 4 inches by 4 ft. 4 inches by 14 feet.

The centre is a massive pedestal, surrounded by twisted carved legs, ending in claw feet, castor'd. The pedestal itself is supported on four castors. Thus the table has two sets of supports working independently of each other.

The box base is carved and drawn in around the lower edge. It is unusually deep, and the table is correspondingly massive and imposing.

The advantage of the Oval shape is that it combines the best points of the round and square types in one table. It is practically a round table with the extension features of the ordinary dining table.



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to a church edifice. But the debt at Friendship will shortly vanish away, for the church has life, and Methodist self-respect tends to the wiping out of debt. The League is alive and is interested in "no debt with a good parsonage," and the Ladies' Aid is of the same opinion. Rev. F. W. Towle's return for another year is earnestly desired by all in the church.

**Rockport.**—Continued prosperity has marked the life of this charge for the year. Reports for the fourth quarterly conference indicate the same. There are good congregations and full Sunday evening meetings. The Sunday-school is alive and well attended. The Epworth League is on the "up-grade." Prosperous conditions prevail throughout the church. Finances are well in hand. The presiding elder is paid in full, owing to a district steward who held the office as well as the name. Pastor's claim without a question. A unanimous and enthusiastic request for Rev. J. H. Gray's return the third year is expressed.

**Camden.**—Camden's debt is diminishing, and the people have been permitted to worship in comfort and with delight within the beautified walls of their fine church. Under the circumstances even the debt is a means of grace. And a parsonage will come by and by. Camden is growing, and the church is increasing. Good reports were rendered. The outlook for next year is most encouraging. Rev. G. M. Bailey's return was desired by a unanimous "rising" vote.

T. F. J.

#### Bangor District

**South Presque Isle.**—The fourth quarterly meeting found the work moving on. Pastor Stevens was recommended for admission on trial in the Annual Conference.

**Van Buren.**—A brave little band holds on here with very little pastoral help. There is a good prospect for a bright and active church. More men than women were in the congregation that greeted the presiding elder at the last visit.

## The Value of Charcoal

#### Few People Know how Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

**Easton.**—Sunday, Feb. 9, was a good day at this point. Although a foot or more of fresh snow was over all, a good congregation greeted the elder at Sprague's Mill both morning and evening and at Easton in the afternoon. Congregations are on the increase, and Pastor Jones is held in high esteem. Two were baptized and received into the church. The Sprague's Mill people need a new church edifice in order to take the place they ought in the community. The money to finish paying for the Easton church is being well collected, and there is a hopeful outlook all around.

**Fort Fairfield.**—A well-attended quarterly conference, and a fine Sunday with full congregations, made an exceedingly pleasant visit to this town. In a few days \$616 will be paid toward the debt and interest on the parsonage. A new choir has lately been organized. Pastor Osgood has won an unusually large place in the hearts of this people. A class for the instruction of the children is doing excellent work in training some young disciples who gave their hearts to God on Decision Day in the Sunday-school.

**Mapleton.**—A day's service each in Chapman and Mapleton resulted in blessing to all who had the privilege of joining in the work. Pastor Maffitt under some adverse circumstances continues his work with faithful patience. It must be a constant cheer to a faithful worker that the Master never fails to take note of and to reward the motive and purpose put into His work. The people think a new parsonage is possible in the near future.

**Washburn.**—A good degree of interest prevails at Washburn. Pastor Cheney is relieved from some of the burdens he was carrying, and expects to devote himself to the work entirely.

**Limestone.**—In the fourth quarterly conference at the roll-call every member answered "present"—an unusual occurrence, it is presumed. We think the work is steadily on the up-grade. Pastor Hatch was voted a recommendation to the Annual Conference. The benevolences are well in hand, with good promise for all finances.

**Caribou.**—Preparations for the entertainment of the Annual Conference are taking shape, the program is well in hand, and the canvassing for entertainment will begin soon. Caribou is supposed to be well in the woods of Northern Maine, but no timid preacher's wife need stay at home for fear that some beast of the forest will devour her; and though it will be close time, one will need to walk well into the suburbs before he will come upon groups of deer, moose or caribou. The East Maine Conference will be royally welcomed. Pastor Pearson recently gave the town the rare treat of hearing John G. Woolley's lecture, "My Own Country." Enthusiastically patriotic, devoutly religious, sincerely Christian, prophetic of vision, the lecture must have made every man purpose to be better, to do better, and to love God, his home and country more.

BRIGGS.

#### MAINE CONFERENCE

#### Portland District

**Gorham, North Street.**—Rev. J. H. Bounds is having a pleasant year with this church. He is especially popular with the children and young people. He and his wife were both generously remembered at Christmas with cash and other presents. In his report at the fourth quarterly conference he spoke kindly of the work of Rev. S. B. Sawyer, a local preacher in the church, who preaches regularly at Kitteryville and occasionally at other points.

**Buxton.**—The same pastor has good congregations at this old church. The week-evening meetings are also well sustained. The church has suffered a great loss in the death of one of its oldest members—Edmund Flood, highly honored as a citizen and prominent in church work for many years. All classes spoke well of him. The return of the pastor for another year is earnestly desired by both churches.

**Portland, Congress St.**—This year \$800 has been raised on church and parsonage debt. The balance is covered by good subscriptions payable in annual installments. The Junior Society is prospering under the leadership of Miss Ida Ball. Over one hundred were present

## BURSTING

#### Headaches That Drive Women Distracted Are Always Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Headache is the commonest form of misery, but it's awfully wearing. By the time you "get used to" headaches your beauty has fled forever.

**Mrs. H. FULMER,** 138 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J., says:

"I had been suffering for a long time with headache and backache. I expected to be confined, and I suppose that made me worse, but my back ached sometimes so that I wanted to scream. My head was ready to burst, too, and I had dizzy spells that frightened me so I was afraid to go far from home, for fear I would get sick and couldn't get back. I doctored continually, but got no help. One day my husband came home and told me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he said would do me good, and stop my backache. I took it, and am thankful to say it helped me wonderfully. I believe it to be a splendid help for all women in my condition. Its sustaining power is simply wonderful. It strengthened my entire system. My backache and headache were both the result of the extra strain on my nerves. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy strengthened my nerves, and enabled me to stand it. I recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to all nervous women, and I give this letter for their benefit."

Constant headaches and backaches will ruin your health and your life. They will wreck your disposition, and make you old. Other troubles will follow perhaps, and most likely are upon you now. Drive them back, and cure yourself with Dr. Greene's great medicine. Special advice is yours for the asking. Call or write to Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

at a recent meeting. There is a Home Department with 26 members, and a Cradle Roll with an enrollment of 50.

**Gorham, School St.**—Rev. D. F. Faulkner has for several weeks been conducting revival services at this place and at South Windham. At the latter place there have been ten clear conversions, and six at Gorham. This is one more evidence that the old-time revival has not lost its effectiveness. The Lord is yet ready to save souls in this way.

**Ministerial Association.**—A very interesting and profitable session was held in Clark Memorial Church, Woodford's, on Feb. 26. The attendance was good, although the day was very stormy. There were twenty-one preachers present, including three visitors from Lewiston District. The papers were of a high order and elicited profitable discussion. Only three speakers failed to appear, and one of these was detained by sickness. The paper read by Rev. J. H. Roberts upon "The Christian Life and Its Influence on Preaching," was well-written and inspiring. Rev. D. F. Faulkner preached in the afternoon a very helpful sermon on the necessity of regeneration. Rev. Luther Freeman preached in the evening. His central thought was growth, or "evolution" in making character. The sermon contained much of "modern thought" on inspiration and salvation, but was well received and generally accepted as the truth. Miss Edna Barber of the church choir rendered a fine solo. The committee on resolutions, by order of the Association, sent word of sympathy to Revs. C. S. Cummings, Charlie

Blackman and Israel Luce, and to the widow of Rev. E. K. Colby.

E. O. T.

## NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

### Lynn District

*East Boston Bethel.*—During the month of March, 28 were received on probation, 22 into full membership, and 16 were baptized. The young men's Bible class, commencing the first Sabbath in October with four members, now has 125, and on the last Sabbath of February had 91 present. During the last five months the membership has increased 125. A great missionary work is being done by this church among the people, outside of all churches. At the last quarterly conference, the pastor, Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., received a unanimous invitation to return for the next Conference year.

*Maplewood.*—Last Sunday the pastor, Rev. F. H. Morgan, received 16 on probation and 2 by letter. The work continues to prosper. Good congregations, taxing the capacity of the church, are the rule both morning and evening. The financial situation was never better, all bills being paid as they come due; and a general advance is being planned for next year.

W.

### Springfield District

*Grace Church, Springfield.*—Two hundred and fifty members of Grace Church and parish sat down together at the annual banquet and reunion held in the spacious vestry of the church on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26. Among the invited guests were Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Buckingham, Rev. W. E. Vandermark, Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Marshall, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Paulson, Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Estes, Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D., and family, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Pickles, and Rev. T. W. Bishop—the last three ministerial brethren being the guests of honor. Dr. Knowles said grace. After ministering to their physical needs, the company was led in prayer by Rev. F. M. Estes; and Rev. Charles E. Spaulding, acting as toastmaster, introduced Rev. T. W. Bishop, of Newton Highlands, who was pastor of Grace Church from 1886 to 1889. Mr. Bishop spoke of the pleasure with which he renewed his acquaintance with his former parishioners, and then, after referring to the hopeful condition of affairs in his present charge, gave emphatic utterance to the thought of the security with which Christian people may trust in the fundamental truths of religion in spite of the skepticism of the times, or the criticism or cynicism of this modern age. Dr. Pickles was introduced as the second speaker and spoke upon "Joy in Christian Living," pointing out in his clear and forceful way some of the occasions which moderns have for rejoicing. The closing remarks were made by the presiding elder, who is always a welcome guest at Grace Church. His references to the past and present were timely and his forecast of the future optimistic. The occasion was successful, perhaps the only regret being the absence of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Heath, who served Grace Church from 1886 to 1891.

*St. James, Springfield.*—Things are on the move at this church along all lines. The new edifice is nearing completion, the membership and congregations are constantly increasing in

### YOU ARE A READER

of ZION'S HERALD, and for that reason you are entitled to one bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine for trial, if you need it and write for it. One small dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures the most troublesome cases of constipation and you are at once relieved from the torture and danger of that common trouble. The same wonderful medicine cures the worst cases of stomach trouble and it is a speedy cure for all depraved conditions of the mucous membranes, including catarrh in the head, stomach, bowels and urinary organs. Send a letter or postal card at once to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and prove by a free trial that Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine cures all stomach troubles, constipation, catarrh, congestion and disease of kidneys, inflammation of bladder and enlargement of prostate gland, to stay cured. Write now for a free bottle. It will be sent promptly, free and prepaid.

numbers, and souls are seeking the Lord. On Feb. 23, 28 young people expressed a desire to begin the Christian life, all of which brings joy to the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark, and his people.

*Spencer.*—Rev. William M. Crawford, the pastor, was pleasantly surprised, the evening of Feb. 15, by a large party of friends, composed principally of members of the Epworth League and Ladies' Aid Society, the affair being planned in honor of Mr. Crawford's birthday. He was presented with a handsome Morris chair.

F. M. E.

*W. F. M. S.*—The Framingham District Association held a quarterly convention at Natick, Friday, Feb. 21. The meeting was in charge of Mrs. R. E. Bisbee, of Milford. Reports from auxiliaries showed interest and enthusiasm. Nearly every auxiliary in the district was represented. The district pledged \$11 for the work of Folts Mission Institute. Mrs. Nichols, of Westboro, gave a delightful symposium on "Via Christi." An article on "Women Martyrs" was read by Mrs. Chaffee, of Cochituate. The noon-hour of prayer was conducted by Mrs. C. Simpson, of Saxonville. The social hour at noon was greatly enjoyed. The Natick ladies entertained their guests royally. At 2 p. m., after Scripture reading and prayer by Mrs. Pomeroy, of Marlboro, Miss L. M. Hodgkins, editor of *Woman's Missionary Friend*, gave incidents of her own travels in the Orient and spoke at some length about "Via Christi." Miss Danforth also gave an interesting talk. We were favored during the day with music from the Natick young people and a pleasing program by the children. At 4:30 p. m. the convention adjourned, to meet at Milford in June.

ADELAIDE A. KNIGHTS, Sec.

*Ministers' Wives' Association.*—The meeting of the Lynn District Ministers' Wives' Association, held with Mrs. R. L. Greene in the afternoon of Feb. 11, was a most delightful occasion. The president, Mrs. E. R. Thorndike, called the meeting to order, and after singing and prayer the necessary business of the hour was dispatched. The program was in charge of Mrs. C. H. Stackpole, of Melrose, and Mrs. Frank Haddock, of Lynn, and consisted of a review of the books of Ralph Connor. "Black Rock" was reviewed by Mrs. E. R. Thorndike; "The Man from Glengarry" by Mrs. Frank Stratton; while selections from "The Sky Pilot" were read by Mrs. Stackpole. For the social hour Mrs. Haddock had arranged about the parlors a series of cards representing the titles of books old and new, and with paper and pencil in hand each lady was kept busy for a half-hour seeking to discover the hidden meaning of these cartoons. The inspiring music of Mrs. Ramsell and Mrs. Hodges, of Lynn, added greatly to the enjoyment of the afternoon. The hospitality of our hostess was most gracious and abundant, and at the parting hour each guest was more firmly convinced than ever of the real helpfulness of these gatherings from time to time.

A. W. PHINNEY, Rec. Sec.

### Worcester and Vicinity

*Personal.*—Rev. Nels Eagle had many friends in this city outside of his own communion. He was a most acceptable preacher in our English-speaking pulpits—a sermon on "The pure in heart shall see God," being especially remembered by his many friends in Laurel St. Church. He was a good fighter withal, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the writer in his efforts to keep the saloon from coming up on Laurel Hill. And now his family will have sympathy and prayers, as they themselves are fighting with the same grim disease, small-pox.

*Laurel St.*—The union meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society was held, on the 18th, at Laurel St. There was an attendance in the afternoon of thirty-five from the various churches, and in the evening the vestries were filled with an appreciative audience to listen to the story of life at the North End of Boston as told by Rev. Walter Morrill, illustrated by the stereopticon, who represented the Boston City Missionary Society. The thank-offering envelopes were opened at this time, and such a good response was found in them as to assure the management of a generous sum of money for the work. Also a rummage sale was planned. Supper was served by the ladies at Laurel St. The "sacrifice social," to raise money for a new

piano, proved to be of more than ordinary interest to the people. When the little bags were called in, each person was asked to make a rhyme, and much merriment as well as interest was aroused as the pile of money grew until it reached the sum of \$150. The new piano is surely coming.

*Lake View* has just held its first fourth quarterly conference as a Conference appointment. The reports, as will be seen, are gratifying to both pastor and people. During the year 14 new members have been received. The Sunday-school enrolls 90 members the Epworth League 28. The Ladies' Circle has raised \$175. This church shares with the chapel at Tatnuck in the services of one pastor. Rev. B. L. Jennings, the pastor, was unanimously invited to return for the coming year.

*Epworth League.*—On Monday evening last the Worcester Circuit of the Epworth League was entertained by the chapter at Webster Square Church. The speaker of the evening, Rev. H. L. Wriston, of Holyoke, gave a splendid address on the subject, "The Prophet's Portrait of an Epworth Leaguer." The banner for largest per cent. of members in attendance was won by the chapter at Park Avenue Church.

*Grace Church.*—Encouraging reports were listened to at the fourth quarterly conference. The pastor reported 350 members now on the roll; also that he had secured \$17,846 in pledges toward the debt of \$25,000. The Ladies' Circle has raised \$1,000 for the year, and \$500 of this amount has been applied to current expenses. The Sunday-school, through its superintendent, reported an average attendance of 127. The Epworth League reports 65 active members and 50 associates. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Brady, D. D., was invited to return for the fourth year.

*Trinity.*—At the banquet of the Men's Union of Trinity Church, an address was given by Rev. William Rice Newhall, D. D., principal of Wesleyan Academy. His subject was, "The Modern Conception of a Saint." This Men's Union is growing in popular favor at Trinity. Seven new members were enrolled last week.

H. H. P.

## CHURCH REGISTER

### HERALD CALENDAR

Maine State Epworth League Convention at Livermore Falls,

June 26-27

Conference	Place	Time	Bishop
N. E. Southern,	Rockville, Conn.	Apr.	Merrill
New York,	"	"	Fowler
New York East,	Torrington, Conn.	"	Cranston
New England,	First Ch., Boston,	"	Walden
Vermont,	St. Albans, Vt.	"	Goodsell
Troy,	Saratoga, N. Y.	"	FitzGerald
Eastern Swedish,	Worcester, Mass.	"	Cranston
Maine,	Berwick, Me.	"	Goodsell
New Hampshire,	Haverhill, Mass.	"	Cranston
East Maine,	Caribou, Me.	"	Walden

## Goitre Cure Free.

Any Lady Can Quickly Cure Herself of this Ugly and Dangerous Disfigurement in the Privacy of Her Own Home.

This charming and beautiful English woman after trying great surgeons and doctors, cured herself in her own home. She says: "I noticed a slight swelling on my neck. A noted London surgeon pronounced it



goitre and felt sure he could remove it quickly. Instead, it grew rapidly. My appearance was dreadful, my eyes nearly popping from my head. Surgeons refused to operate for fear of rupture of the jugular vein. My husband heard of Dr. Haig's home cure for goitre and we tried it—the effect was marvelous. In a few weeks all trace of it was gone, the pain ceasing the first time we used the remedy. Lucille Lytton."

Your goitre can be cured at home without pain, danger or any inconvenience. Write to-day to Dr. John P. Haig, 3555 Glenn Bidg., Cincinnati, Ohio, tell him your age, the size and location of your goitre and how long you have had it and he will be glad to send you a free large trial package of his home cure, postage paid.

## POST OFFICE ADDRESS

Rev. Isaac F. Row (from India), 314 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

W. F. M. S. — The regular monthly meeting of the executive board will occur Wednesday, March 12, at 10 a. m., in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield St.

A. W. PHINNEY, Rec. Sec.

W. H. M. S. — The Medical Mission Building, 36 Hull St., Boston, will be dedicated with appropriate services, Thursday, March 13. Exercises at 2.30 p. m., to be followed by a reception.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. — The Evangelical Alliance of Boston and vicinity will hold its next meeting, Monday, March 10, at 10.30 a. m., at Park Street Church, Boston. The topic for the day is, "A Century of Christian Progress," by Rev. C. L. Thompson, D. D., of New York. This will be an interesting meeting, and the public is cordially invited to attend.

A. K. MACLENNAN, Sec.

W. F. M. S. — The March quarterly meeting of Springfield District Association will be held in Asbury Church, Springfield, Friday, March 14. Sessions at 10 and 2. The speaker will be Rev. F. H. Morgan, late of Singapore. It is hoped every auxiliary in the district will be represented. Lunch served by the Asbury auxiliary for 15 cents. Take Walnut St. car to Florence St.

Mrs. W. FAYETTE WHARFIELD, Rec. Sec.

## For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOUTHERN CONFERENCE who read this will be surprised to learn that of the \$4,777 apportioned to the churches last spring for our fifty-six Conference claimants, only \$1,401.35 has been received by the treasurer at this time of writing. This is humiliating; but added to this is another cause for grief. The invested funds have so far failed in their usual amount of interest that if every cent apportioned to the churches is paid, and on the supposition that the Book Concern and ZION'S HERALD pay the same as last year, there will still remain a deficiency of \$533.35. Brethren, raise all your apportionments for the great connectional interests of our beloved Methodism, but do not, I pray you, fail to raise every dollar you can for the support of our worthy superannuates.

JOHN GRAY GAMMONS,

Chairman Board of Conference Stewards.

Arnold's Mills, R. I.

## Marriages

WITHINGTON — WARNER — In West Fitchburg, Feb. 26, by Rev. L. W. Adams, Walter Thayer Withington, of Somerville, and Cora May Warner, of West Fitchburg.

BECKWITH — PATRIQUIN — In Kingman, Me., Feb. 24, by Rev. Geo. J. Palmer, Moody Beckwith and Amy Patriquin, both of Kingman.

Health for ten cents. Cascarets make the bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness, and constipation. All druggists.

TILTON SEMINARY ASSOCIATION. — The annual reunion and banquet of the Tilton Seminary Association will be held at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, March 24, at 6.30 p. m. For full particulars write to the secretary, Miss F. Aldie Farnham, 114 West Springfield St., Boston, Mass., Station A.

## Editorial

[Continued from Page 296.]

Church, its pastors and work. After stating that the audience-room seats 2,200, and that, as a rule, all seats are filled, it says of the pastor: "Dr. Odell is the embodiment of religious spirit and activity. A long list of scholastic honors proves him a student, but it has not made of him a bookish man at the expense of the active and evangelizing side of his nature. He is a worker by blood — a worker early and late. He is far from being sensational, and does not covet the honor of being regarded as a 'popular preacher' in the ordinary sense; yet a good preacher he assuredly is."

— Rev. Isaac F. Row, who went from the New England Conference to India twenty-five years ago, has returned, and delivered an address Sunday night, March 1, at his old charge, Grace Church, Cambridge. Mr.

Row was associated for some years with Bishop Taylor, and later with Bishop Thoburn, but some years ago withdrew from our mission and ministry to enter a Union Evangelical Society for reaching English-speaking people in India.

## BRIEFLETS

We present, through our regular correspondent, "Aliquis," a very prompt and characteristically fine report of the Students' Missionary Convention at Toronto, which closed on Sunday evening.

During January, special meetings were held at Grace Church, New York, by Dr. L. A. Banks, pastor. Since the first Sunday in December, 315 persons have united with Grace Church, 235 of whom were received on probation.

One of the best students of the work of our church in New York city, and the most impartial, in a personal note says: "Methodism is in better condition in New York than for two decades. Better work is being done, and more of it, and better results are being shown."

All interested in the ever-widening home missionary work of our women will read with thankful hearts the record of the past year in the Twentieth Annual Report of the Woman's Home Missionary Society — a copy of which has just come to the editor's desk.

That King Edward should send Earl Denbigh at the head of a special embassy to Rome with a letter from himself expressing cordial congratulations to the Pope on the twenty-fourth anniversary of his coronation, March 3, and have it occasion no unfavorable comment in England and Scotland, shows that the fires of religious criticism and hate are well-nigh extinguished.

Rev. August Rockberg's description of a Sunday in the Land of the Midnight Sun, in this issue, with the illustrations from photographs, will give our readers an interesting and realistic glimpse of life in that cheerless region. Bishop Vincent, in forwarding the article and photographs, says: "August Rockberg is a young saint and hero. He gave me the pictures, never thinking that I would publish them, and wrote the account of the Sunday service north of the polar circle at my request."

President Roosevelt is characteristically forceful in saying: "The only man who makes no mistakes is the man who never does anything." And he should have added, with equal truth and force, that it seems to be the mission of the useless and unproductive majority to criticise the men who are doing the work of the world.

Dr. C. C. Bragdon corrects the statement recently made in the Boston *Journal* to the effect that the late Major Joseph H. Chadwick was at one time a generous benefactor of Lasell Seminary, by saying: "Neither Major Chadwick, nor any one of the board of trustees, nor any other person whatever, has ever given one cent of money to Lasell Seminary; though I have no doubt the Major and others would have done so had there been need. The sole exception to this statement is the late Jeremiah Clark, of Lowell, who left in his will \$1,000 — in trust for needy students."

It grieves the editor to learn, as he does from last week's *Watchman*, that it is greatly exercised over the HERALD's attitude towards "Bible Miracles." The *Watchman*

goes so far as to say: "According to ZION'S HERALD a miracle becomes credible just in proportion as it lacks verifiable evidence." Oh, no! We did not say any such thing, nor even think it. We regret that our highly esteemed neighbor has been distressed by such an unwarranted inference.

There is something spectacular and unreal about the religious emotions and resolves that take possession of one in the dead of night. As a general thing, repentance at noonday is sounder and more enduring than repentance at midnight.

The Commercial Club of Boston entertained the delegates of the Louisiana Purchase Association of St. Louis, who came on from Missouri to interest New England in the St. Louis World's Fair, which will be held in 1903. Rev. Dr. D. Dorchester, Jr., was one of the representatives from St. Louis, and made an address on the educational side of the Exposition, which received very hearty commendation.

Prince Henry, in addressing the journalists of New York, used these strong words: "Undoubtedly the press of our days is a factor, if not a power, which certainly may not be neglected, and which I should like to compare to so many submarine mines, which blow up in many cases in the most unexpected manner. Before I left home, his Majesty said to me, 'You will meet with many members of the press, and I wish you therefore to keep in mind that press men in the United States rank almost with my generals in command,'"

A full room, in spite of a heavy rain-storm, at the W. F. M. S. monthly prayer-meeting on Wednesday last, attested the increasing interest in the spiritual promotion of missionary affairs. Mrs. Haigh, of Somerville, was in charge, and Miss Palacios, of our school in Puebla, the chief speaker on the theme of Mexico. Special thanksgiving was expressed for the release of Miss Stone, and tender sympathy for the loss to her family and to the New England executive, that comes to them in the death of Mrs. Harriet Binney Steele. The next meeting will occur in Passion Week and the subject is adapted to the church date.

To exempt any soul from the direct result of its own wrong-doing would be, virtually, to deny it freedom of will. When a soul chooses to sin — knowing, as it cannot help but know, the consequences involved in the very nature of things — it chooses, deliberately, the results of sin. Exempt it from these results, and you nullify its freedom of will, you deny its right to choose.

That is a very finely written study of the life, character and work of President Eliot of Harvard University, by George Perry Morris, of the *Congregationalist*, which appears in the March number of the *American Review of Reviews*. The paper is illustrated with portraits of the president and an electro of his residence.

## Cancer of the Breast

So many people are dying of this terrible disease. The disease is increasing with wonderful rapidity. Mrs. B. F. Southard, of Buffalo, Mo., has recently recovered from a most advanced stage of this disease by the Oil treatment of Dr. Bye, of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Nancy F. Billings, of West Bridgewater, Mass., was cured by home treatment. Persons afflicted should write Dr. Bye for 112-page illustrated book on the treatment of cancer in its various forms. Address DR. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

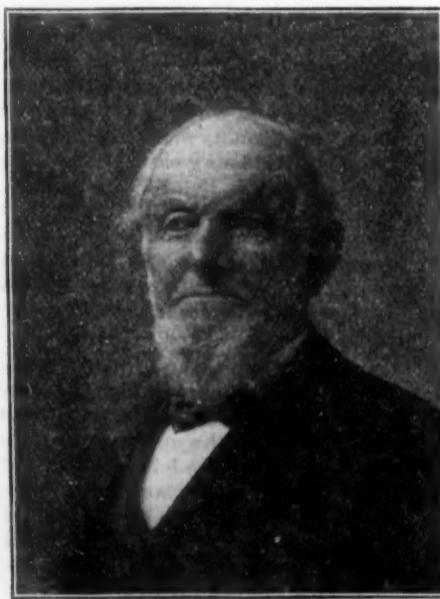
## OBITUARIES

As narrower grows the earthly chain,  
The circle widens in the sky;  
These are our treasures that remain,  
But those are stars that beam on high.

—Holmes.

**Mott.** — Stephen Mott was born in Nauset, Mass., Dec. 16, 1807, and died in Provincetown, Mass., Jan. 2, 1902.

Mr. Mott came to Provincetown in 1841 to engage in business. In 1842, under the preaching of Rev. Paul Townsend, he was converted and joined the Centre Methodist Episcopal Church, remaining a useful member until his translation to the church triumphant. As class-leader, steward and trustee he was always faithful. Everybody believed in him. The young people loved him because he was a cheerful old man. He was one of the men whose motives prejudice dare not impugn. He was sincere, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. His religion extended into his business affairs, and his daily life was enriched by a blessed Christian experience. He was deeply interested in all the great move-



STEPHEN MOTT

ments of the church, and kept himself abreast of the best thought of the times. He had read ZION'S HERALD from its first issue until almost the last week of his life. He attended church until he was nearly ninety-four years of age, and his familiar form passing up and down one of the aisles taking the collection is sadly missed. Mr. Mott was a tender husband (how often he spoke of his sainted wife!), a good father, a true friend, and a devout Christian. His piety was intelligent and steady. He was loved and respected by all, and that respect was won by an upright life.

During the summer symptoms of dissolution began to appear. Day by day he grew weaker until he could not leave his home. Sometimes he would have sinking spells when he thought he was dying. On one such occasion he said: "I am going to see my wife; and won't she be glad!" One day he said to his pastor: "I am so tired, but I am going home to rest." When he could no longer talk, he would lift his hand and point to a motto on the wall which read: "Simply to Thy cross I cling." "In my Father's house are many mansions," were words which he enjoyed repeating. He wanted to live, but he did not, at the last, fear death, but peacefully as a child going to sleep in its mother's arms he passed to the rest eternal. Two sons — Atwood and Silas C. — survive.

The funeral services were held in the Centre Church, the pastor, Rev. G. E. Brightman, officiating, assisted by Revs. L. H. Massey and E. B. Hinckley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

Rev. Sidney Crawford, of the Congregational Church, and Rev. F. L. Payson, of the Universalist Church.

B.

**Ricker.** — Mrs. Harriett E. Ricker, widow of Andrew J. Ricker, of East Baldwin, Me., passed away, after a brief illness, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. Abbie Read, of Newhall, Me., aged 82 years and 5 months.

She was the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Smith, and was born in Denmark, Me. She was the eldest of eight children, only one of whom is now living — Augustus Smith, of Bridgton. Mrs. Ricker was a lifelong Methodist, as was also her husband, well known by all the earlier preachers. For more than twenty-five years she was superintendent of the Sabbath-school at East Baldwin, holding that office after she was eighty years old; but, although she was eighty, her step was quick and her face fair, giving full proof that godliness is great gain. She was well beloved by all who knew her as a faithful Christian and a kind and affectionate mother.

Mrs. Ricker leaves eight children, thirteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, all of whom were present at the funeral. Services were held at her old home at East Baldwin, Jan. 27, conducted by her pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of the Congregational Church, where the deceased attended, her home church being so far away. Surely it could be said of her as of the one of old: "She hath done what she could."

DAVID F. NELSON.

**Richardson.** — Mrs. Nettie A. (Cutter) Richardson was born in Hartford, Vt., June 20, 1878, and passed to the realms above, Jan. 20, 1902, at the age of 28 years, her sun setting while it was yet day, but not till the harvest of Christian fruit was ripe.

She lived for a time in early life in Westboro, Mass. During a part of her girlhood, also, she lived in Worcester, attending school and improving her opportunities for mental and moral culture. Here her young life began to develop into that sweetness and light which so characterized her to the last. For about fourteen years she resided in Marlboro, where those traits of finest character with which she seems to have been born were cultivated into the richest products of mind and heart. To express her faith in Jesus Christ as a needed Saviour and her love for Him as a righteous Lord, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a most devoted and useful member of the militant host till called to the fellowship of the church triumphant. She took the regular kindergarten course in Boston and taught several private terms in Marlboro. This work, added to her grace, tact and kindness, peculiarly fitted her for efficient Christian work among children, in which work she was a veritable expert, winning the hearts of the young both to herself and to her royal Master.

About six years ago she married Mr. Lewis O. Richardson, a gentleman whose high character and amiable virtues were every way worthy of her. They lived for a brief time in Bristol, Conn., and also in Taunton, Mass., in both of which places they were most intimately associated with all the work of the church. For the last three years they have resided in East Bridgewater, where they united with our church and proved valued workers, he as superintendent of the Sunday-school, she as superintendent of the primary department and of the Junior League, a member of the choir, and as lending a hand to every good work. Being passionately fond of flowers, she formed a flower mission which proved a fruitful source of comfort and joy to many a happy and grateful recipient.

In spirit Mrs. Richardson was a sincere and devoted Christian, regularly found in her place in all the services of the sanctuary, witnessing a good confession, showing her faith by her works, and shedding a chaste and cheerful influence on all around her. In manner she was graceful, cultivated, vivacious, enlivening and enriching those about her, making every one feel that life is sweet, sacred, and well worth the living. In character she was charming, pure as a lily, gentle as a dove, lovely as a rose, unselfish as an angel. She loved truth, beauty and goodness, and the whole aim of her life was to do the will of God in doing good to the children of men. Her home was one of uninterrupted peace, sunshine and joy, full of good cheer, hospitality and heaven.

To this happy home came a baby boy on the

12th of January, but the mother's life was given for that of the child. On the 20th the angels carried her away to the Palace Beautiful. Fragrant will be her memory and fruitful her life to many who knew and loved her. In the resurrection we shall greet her and enjoy the glad and endless reunion.

The funeral services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at East Bridgewater on the 23d, conducted by the pastor, Rev. John Pearce, assisted by Rev. Walter P. Buck, an intimate friend of the family for some years.

W. P. BUCK.

**Howard.** — Austin Howard was born in Milford, Mass., Oct. 16, 1839, and died in San Diego, Cal., Feb. 18, 1902.

He was the eldest son of the eldest son for eight successive generations. Educated at Milford and at Chester, Vermont, where he spent four years preparing for college until the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the 40th New York, known as the "Old Mozart" regiment, in which he served until discharged because of disability. Immediately upon recovery he entered the U. S. Navy in 1862 as an ordinary seaman, serving two years, and when

## For Singers and Speakers

### The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable

A Grand Rapids gentleman who represents a prominent manufacturing concern and travels through central and southern Michigan, relates the following regarding the new catarrh cure. He says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat and stomach for several years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally and like everything else I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me and still more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use.



"I have a little son who sings in a boy's choir in one of our prominent churches, and he is greatly troubled with hoarseness and throat weakness, and on my return home from a trip I gave him a few of the tablets one Sunday morning when he had complained of hoarseness. He was delighted with their effect, removing all huskiness in a few minutes and making the voice clear and strong.

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in persuading him to use them regularly."

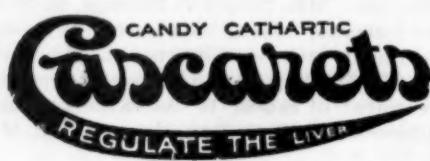
"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit, and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh."

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying weather, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician that they contained so much tolu, potash and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large pleasant tasting lozenges composed of catarrhal antiseptics, like Red Gum, Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full treatment.

They act upon the blood and mucous membrane and their composition and remarkable success has won the approval of physicians, as well as thousands of sufferers from nasal catarrh, throat troubles and catarrh of stomach.

A little book on treatment of catarrh mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.



health again failed, he was discharged as acting master's mate, with name in for promotion as ensign — the highest office given to any civilian during the war, only three persons being thus promoted in the entire navy. Determined to do his part, he enlisted for the third time in the 2d Mass. Cavalry, made up in part of Californians. In this he served until the close of the war in August, 1865.

His health, entirely shattered, was never completely regained. For nine years he was a traveling salesman, living in Boston and New York; then back to Milford in 1874 until three years ago. In 1884 he became a pension attorney, and this was his business during the balance of his life. He was twice married — first, in 1864, to Miss Alice Arnold, who lived until 1887. In June, 1891, he married Miss A. Louise Griswold, with whom he lived eleven happy years, and who survives to mourn her loss.

Mr. Howard's religious experience dates from 1878, when he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church of his native place. For twenty-two years he has lived an earnest Christian life, and died in the triumph of the faith in San Diego, California, where he had been a blessing to all who knew him since he came here for his health in June, 1899. Though so deaf that he could catch but few words during the service, he never missed attending the First Methodist Episcopal Church when he possibly could, and his presence was always an inspiration to his pastor and to the service.

He was buried in San Diego, the funeral being conducted by Dr. Clarence True Wilson, his pastor, and by his comrades in arms of the Grand Army, on Feb. 15.

C. T. WILSON.

**Dyer.** — Mrs. Mary E., wife of Charles W. Dyer, entered upon rest and reward, Feb. 13, 1902.

Mrs. Dyer had long been an earnest and active Christian. Her life was not all sunshine, but the sustaining grace of God was always sufficient for her needs. She was a member of the Thames St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Newport, R. I., from Dec. 4, 1863, until the day of translation. Her church life had been one of activity until the beginning of her last illness, a few months ago. For many years active in Sunday-school work, she was the first superintendent of the Home Department of her church. She greatly loved the work of the W. F. M. S., and was long an officer and leader in the local society. Husband and three grown children tarry behind.

C. H. S.

**Hobbs.** — On Thursday morning, Jan. 16, 1902, Mrs. Thirza (Dodge) Hobbs, of Hallowell, Me., was summoned to answer the roll-call on the other side of the valley of the shadow of death. She was born in Wiscasset, Me., Nov. 9, 1810, thus dying at the advanced age of 91 years, 2 months, and 7 days.

When seventeen years old Thirza was happily and soundly converted to God, and consecrated her life to His service. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in her native town. In 1828 she married John Hobbs of the same place, who was himself a staunch Methodist of sturdy stock, and for fifty-five years they walked life's pathway together. Of the four children which blessed their union three survive.

Forty-seven years ago she removed with her family to the city of Hallowell, and with her husband was received by letter into the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here this elect lady lived and walked with God until her Master said, "Child, it is enough, come up higher." During all these years she cherished and maintained an ardent love and devotion for her church. All through her active life she was faithful at the sanctuary, and her voice was heard in fervent prayer, testimony and exhortation. She loved the class and prayer-room, and was in hearty accord with the doctrines and usages of the church. Her benevolent heart sympathized with, and her willing hands were extended in aid to, the suffering, the poor, and the destitute. Want went smiling from her presence so far as she was able to relieve.

When her home became desolate by the removal of her husband to the life above, eighteen years ago, Mrs. Hobbs accepted the invitation of her youngest son, Charles, who lived in the same city and was a member of the same church, to spend the remainder of her days with him; and there her every expressed wish was gratified, every want anticipated, and nothing left undone that a dutiful son and a devoted daughter-in-law and grandchildren could do to make the evening of her life free from care.

Retaining in a remarkable degree her mental faculties to the last, the writer was surprised to hear her repeat from memory on his frequent visits many select passages from the blessed Word bearing directly upon saving faith, hope, and full salvation, indicative of the food upon which her soul was nourished. In her little finger-worn Bible — which was her constant companion, for she loved the Word of God — was found written in her own hand: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

For some time before her departure it was evident that the foundations of the earthly tabernacle were being slowly loosened, though her mind was clear and active. Eleven weeks of severe suffering were borne with Christian fortitude and without a murmur. Her soul often longed for the hour of release, but patiently she awaited the Master's will. A few days previous to her death, awaking from slumber, she said with much confidence and buoyancy of spirit: "I've had a vision of the Celestial City, of my Saviour, and the loved ones gone before, and oh, how beautiful, beautiful! I wish I could have waked up in heaven, but I'll soon be with the glorified ones." Those immortal words of Alfred Cookman were heard upon her lips: "I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Her life was pure, and is a fragrant memory; her death was triumphant, and her rest is glorious and eternal.

W. CANHAM.

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## Students' Missionary Convention

[Continued from Page 297]

which infested the intestines of an angler-worm, but he had been taught nothing about the nature and needs of the animal called man in Central Africa.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Millard, of Baltimore, discussed with much vivacity and vigor, "The Pastor as an Educating Missionary Force." Many churches were doing nothing, others little, for this grandest of causes; but the pastors, not the flock, are to blame. That church would soonest come into vital sympathy with Christian missions that itself sent out workers to the foreign field. The pastor should preach and pray and talk missions — should have the missionary for breakfast and dinner and supper. The gospel of missions, and not the current novels or the great poets, should be his theme.

Dr. Eugene W. Smith, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, a tall, thin man with a Napoleon III. imperial and mustache, told of weak churches that raised twice or thrice as much for missions as for home work, and greatly prospered at home as a result. For their soul's sake, he said, urge men to study missions, to pray for them, to give to them. "Let no guilty man escape."

Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris, president of the Toronto Training College, a man of large wealth, connected with one of the greatest manufacturing firms in Canada, urged the study of missions that we know what God is doing in fulfillment of His promises. They must be evangelists at home if they would be successful abroad. They must keep in vital touch with the source of power. When the trolley is off the wires, the car stands still. A church in Canada increased its givings from \$80 to \$800 through the example of its pastor, who gave to missions \$75 out of a salary of \$750. Dr. Harris himself practices the liberal giving he inculcates in others.

The Friday night meeting was the culmination in interest and success of the whole series. The subject was the

### Need of a Forward Movement in the Non-Christian World.

On this Mr. Mott spoke with great power. Mr. Mott has no gifts of eloquence or special graces of style. He uses no figure of speech, no epigrams or repartees; he talks straight on in a commonplace, common-sense manner, but with intense conviction and moral earnestness in his own soul, producing conviction and arousing moral earnestness in all who hear him. He spoke with gratitude of the achievements of the

past and with hopefulness of the outlook for the future, but demonstrated the need for a great forward movement in this crisis in the world's history. The forces of evil were never more rampant; the opium vice is a gangrene eating out the very life of the pagan races. Materialism and agnosticism are growing evils in the Orient. The power of Christianity is challenged as never before. The church must show that it is equal to the emergency; the power of prayer is not deleted; the victory that overcometh the world is still faith. This is an intense age, not merely in Western lands, but in the Orient itself. Nowhere are men so absorbed in money-making as in China; nowhere is the struggle for existence so keen as in India; nowhere are social and political ambitions greater than in Japan; and nowhere are the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil more rampant than in heathen lands. The church, therefore, must be tremendously in earnest. Its work is for eternity. It will not suffice to seek the salvation of coming generations, but the thousand millions now alive who shall soon be beyond our reach forever. He alluded in touching words to the heroisms of the martyr church in China. Thirty thousand during 1900 had fallen victims to heathen rage. He urged the importunate prayer for a revival in the home churches, an aggressive faith abroad, and absolute dependence upon the Holy Spirit of God. Every four years two hundred thousand students pass through our colleges. The Volunteer Movement had reached about half of these. He appealed for consecrated gifts for its extension.

Such a scene as followed is seldom witnessed. Cards previously distributed were handed up containing pledges for four years' subscriptions to the amount of \$13,888, afterwards increased to \$15,000, an aggregate of \$60,000 in all. No names were announced, no pressure was exerted, no applause was permitted. It was an act of religious consecration. This is in harmony with the spirit of the meetings. Most impressive was the interval of silent prayer — a silence that could be felt. No announcements of subjects or speakers were made, no great guns were boomed; yet the interest so increased that two great parallel meetings in the largest churches in the city had to be held to meet the overflow.

Every afternoon local conferences on special fields or denominational work were held throughout the city, one day numbering twenty-seven separate meetings, all well attended and many of them crowded.

The most soul-stirring address of the whole series was that of Bishop Galloway,

of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on

### "Lessons from Master Missionaries."

It was marked, not by the arts of oratory, but by its rugged strength, its burning eloquence, and its spiritual power. These it is impossible to translate into cold type. He briefly sketched the salient features in the lives of a few of the great missionary heroes — God's best gifts to His church. Hastings and Clive will be forgotten, but Carey and Heber and Ward and Marshman and Schwartz and Coke, "the father of Methodist missions than whom was no knightlier soul in the kingdom of God," and Martin and Judson and Duff and Butler and Moffat and Livingstone and Paton — these shall be remembered while the world endures. Only now and then a tourist asks to see the house in Calcutta in which Macaulay lived or in which Thackeray was born; but the grave of Carey, "the Wycliffe of the East," who had translated the Bible into four languages and many dialects, had become a pilgrimage shrine for all the world.

### Money and the World's Evangelization

was the theme for the closing day of the convention. Hon. S. B. Capen, president of the American Board of Missions, a Christian capitalist of courtly presence, who illustrated himself the liberal givings he urged on others, described the rapid acceleration in the increase of wealth in recent decades. Money has, too, increased purchasing power. The luxuries of princes are now the necessities of the poor. We have spent \$75,000,000 to find the North Pole, yet the average givings of the churches for missions are less than forty cents per head. The conflict of the future is that of Teuton against Slav. Russia aims to control Asia and Eastern Europe. This would be a calamity to Protestant Christianity. America, Britain, Germany, must pre-empt the nations for Jesus Christ. Bulgaria was saved by Robert College, Turkey by the American missionaries. The Isthmian Canal will change the front of civilization. China, the strategic point of the world, is at the door of America. "The clay gods of India," says Dr. Hillis, "look small when the locomotive thunders by." The church must change its methods and give not faint drops from its cup overflowing, but must lavishly, utterly, give.

S. Earl Taylor spoke with vigor of the Young People's Forward Movement, and Charles Edwin Brandt, of Kansas, described how 1,300 missionaries were maintained by as many churches, and pointed on the map the scarlet cords of vital sympathy obtaining between the churches at home and these churches abroad. Prebendary Fox of the Church Missionary Society strongly endorsed this method, but urged that it must not lead to the localizing of our sympathy or the narrowing of our vision. "We need a great missionary revival, not merely a radical reform, but a revolution, a word with which you Americans," he said, "are familiar." "And a very good thing too," he added, "the best thing you ever did." We want a religious earthquake to shake us out of our lethargy. Ancient churches had passed away because the light that was in them became darkness. The church of today can be true to God and truth only by sending its healing beams abroad.

On Sunday distinguished missionaries from the high places of the field occupied the city churches, and thus many thousands who could not attend the convention felt its moral dynamic. Thus passed into history one of the greatest missionary gatherings the world has yet seen.

You should not feel tired all the time — healthy people don't — you won't if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a while.